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THE STORY OF THE GAIKWAR.

THE Blue-Books which have just been published remove some of the doubts and explain some of the mysteries which have hung over the story of the GAIKWAR's deposition. The course taken by the Home Government seemed strange enough. A prince who had behaved badly, but was put on his good behaviour and allowed a fixed term of probation, was charged with a crime, and the charge was not brought home to him. Those who had to decide his fate declared that they dismissed it from their minds; but still they pronounced that he should be deposed, and that no further time to show a better mind should be given him. This seemed like acquitting and punishing in the same breath, and the inconsistency was so glaring that those who had confidence in Lord SALISBURY's administration felt sure that there must be some secret that was not told, some reason for treating the GAIKWAR in so illogical a way which was not disclosed in Lord NORTHBROOK's proclamation. This now proves to be the case. After the GAIKWAR was put on his probation it was discovered that he had been previously guilty of crimes so heinous that, if his guilt had been known, he would never have been allowed to have any time of probation at all, and would have been deposed as wholly unfit to govern. He did not go on in a very satisfactory manner even after his time of probation began. He spent about double his income, and laid out his money in a very bad way, and he had a lamentable habit of secreting enormous sums in his palace, and leaving an empty public treasury for the English Resident to supervise. When he had accepted a reforming Minister, he managed to treat the unwelcome monitor in such a way as to force him to resign, and he tried to get a secret and very objectionable kind of control over the servants and retainers of the Resident. Even if the attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE had not been made, it is doubtful whether the GAIKWAR would have been considered to have behaved well enough to induce the Indian Government to allow him his full time of trial. But it was not his misdoings after he had been put on probation that made the Government determine that he must be deposed. The attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE suggested that other persons might have been poisoned or put to death by the GAIKWAR without his guilt having attracted much notice; and evidence strong enough, in Lord SALISBURY's opinion, to justify his acting on it was obtained to show that in 1872 BHOW SCINDIA, formerly Prime Minister of Baroda, was poisoned, and another person tortured to death, by emissaries of the GAIKWAR, the latter crime being directly traced to his orders. Sir LEWIS PELLY, who succeeded Colonel PHAYRE as Resident, and to whose inquiries the detection of these crimes was due, offered to the VICEROY his solemn recommendation that the Baroda State should be saved by the deposal from power of its ruler; and Lord SALISBURY considered that, in view of the revelations he had received as to the real character of the GAIKWAR, there was no other course to take, and accordingly the GAIKWAR was deposed.

Thus, no doubt, substantial justice was done, and a very bad man was prevented from any more making a little principality into a nest of misery and vice. But substantial justice had to be done in a very off-hand sort of way. As the GAIKWAR was deposed because his ancient crimes had come to light, it might have seemed as if the true story should be told to the world at once. Perhaps there is not

much real difference between disclosing the reasons for his being deposed now and inserting them in the Proclamation. Still, to have inserted them in the Proclamation might have had a rather startling effect, and it was probably judged better to let excitement die away a little in India before the real justification of the Government was divulged. The contrast between the course taken in trying the GAIKWAR for the attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE and the course taken in declaring him guilty of two crimes committed in 1872 was so striking that a little discretion might seem necessary to prevent it from engaging too much immediate attention in India. When the charge of attempting to poison the English Resident was to be investigated, the natives were invited to see with what admirable impartiality, with what scrupulous attention to evidence, the inquiry was made. Natives of the highest rank were appointed as members of the Commission. Witnesses were called openly, examined openly, their evidence sifted openly. The accused was informed of the precise charge against him, and he was allowed to be defended by the best advocate that money could buy. But everything was entirely different with regard to the charges which led to his being deposed. Sir LEWIS PELLY informed the Government that there was a strong *prima facie* case against four men who had, he thought, been concerned in poisoning BHOW SCINDIA, and he proposed to have them tried by a criminal court. The Government, however, thought it better that the case should stand over during the trial of the GAIKWAR for the attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE. In the torturing case Sir LEWIS PELLY collected evidence which he thought showed that the GAIKWAR had ordered the heaviest fetters that could be found to be put on the prisoner who died, and had directed that chillies and salt water should be administered to him. The GAIKWAR does not appear to have been in any way informed of these discoveries. He knew nothing of what these witnesses had said; no one cross-examined them, no counter evidence was sought for. But Lord SALISBURY was satisfied, and the chances are strong that Lord SALISBURY was right. The GAIKWAR was probably not fit to govern, even if his fitness is tested by the indulgent standard accorded to native princes. It was, we may reasonably trust, substantial justice that was done when the GAIKWAR was sent into exile on the ground that he had committed, three years before, two crimes with which he did not know that he was charged, without his having seen or heard the testimony against him, and without his having any opportunity of showing that evidence collected while he was under arrest might be due to the spite, the fears, or the venality of the witnesses. If we were in the region of criminal law, this way of treating the GAIKWAR might be pronounced unjust. But the proclamation deposing him was not the record of a judicial decision. It was the announcement of the course which those intended to take in whose power it was to say, with supreme and unquestionable authority, whether the GAIKWAR should continue to rule or not. The deposal of the GAIKWAR was an act of state. It seemed right to Lord SALISBURY that he should not rule any more, and so he and his issue were cut off from their office and their inheritance.

This at least is a course of proceeding intelligible enough to the people of India. They are to be guarded by English vigilance against having very bad native princes to rule over them, and when the English Government thinks a

native prince very bad, it will dethrone him. It is not bound to prove he is bad. It comes in as satisfactory a way as it can at a conclusion that he is very bad, and then a regiment comes quietly and takes him away, and there is an end of him. There will be no more Commissions with illustrious natives ranked among their members, and skilful cross-examiners making Residents uncomfortable, and sliding in puzzling and ingenious suggestions. Lord SALISBURY in writing to the VICEROY pronounced that the Commission was a failure. It was setting to work in the wrong way to let natives have to judge of the guilt of a native under the difficulties of a judicial system which they could not understand. It was not wholesome to have a native prince kept under arrest, and tried in the very place where, if he was acquitted, he would again be supreme. The humbler natives got excited, and their excitement took the unpleasant form of wishing to see him acquitted, and of thinking that his triumph would be their triumph too. It was very hard for Lord SALISBURY to know what to do. If the GAIKWAR was to be declared guilty of having poisoned Colonel PHAYRE, then, Lord SALISBURY thought, there was nothing to do but to hang him. To hang a native prince whose guilt all the native members of a Commission had declared not to be proved, would have been a very strong measure; and if he was not to be hanged, he must not be declared guilty. When Lord SALISBURY, through the VICEROY, said that he dismissed from his mind the inquiry into the GAIKWAR's alleged attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE, he meant that he could not keep the inquiry in his mind, as, if he thought about it too much, he would have to hang a man whom he could not hang conveniently. Having settled that the GAIKWAR should not be hanged, he had next to settle whether he should be deposed. He chose, as most impartial persons will think, quite rightly, that the GAIKWAR should be deposed. To depose him was a very high-handed act; but it had either to be done or not to be done, and Lord SALISBURY had as much to strengthen him in his resolution as a man well can have who, placed above law, has to decide on the fate of a human being. He had the evidence furnished by Sir LEWIS PELL, and he had Sir LEWIS PELL's strong opinion that, if Baroda was to be saved, the GAIKWAR must be deposed. Lord SALISBURY shares Lord NORTHBROOK's anxiety to befriend and advance in every way the natives of India; but to abandon the sphere of government for the sphere of law in dealing with native princes is a mode of satisfying the nation which, though it may seem kind, and just, and noble, makes England less strong for good than it must be if it is to work its proper work in India. There is no one to blame. Lord NORTHBROOK made an experiment which had, as it appeared, much to recommend it, and which might have succeeded if India had been other than it is. The experiment might have been not altogether unsuccessful, as things were, if Lord NORTHBROOK had been allowed to carry it on to the end in his own way. He might have adopted the views of the English Commissioners, and have been quite logical and fair. But he evidently had not faced the difficulty which Lord SALISBURY thought he had to face, that the GAIKWAR could not be merely deposed, but must be punished with all the severity with which the meanest criminal would be treated who had been guilty of such a crime; and it is not easy to believe that, whatever may be the provisions of codes on the subject, the English Government would have thought any punishment short of death sufficient to protect the lives of Residents in native States if a humble native was clearly detected in an attempt to take them. The embarrassing position of Lord SALISBURY must be appreciated before his conduct is criticized; and it is to be hoped that before long the story of the GAIKWAR will be looked at as a whole, and that all that will be remembered will be that, somehow and in the long run, the English Government saved Baroda from the tyranny of an execrable ruler.

THE WEST SUFFOLK ELECTION.

THE local Liberals appear to have been ill advised in trying their strength in West Suffolk. The uncertainty of the Ballot justifies moderately sanguine estimates of the caprice of electors; but any party manager who understands his business ought to know beforehand the result of a poll of two to one. The miscalculation is probably explained by the hope of the Liberals that the farmers would

on the present occasion vote for their class in preference to their party. It was forgotten that the leading Liberals of the country were landlords before they were Whigs, and several of them have in fact voted for the Conservative candidate. On many occasions, and especially at meetings of Chambers of Agriculture, tenant-farmers have lately claimed various pecuniary advantages as incidents of their tenure; and, forming a standing majority of every Chamber, they have easily outvoted the landlords. The leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons would perhaps not shrink from voting in favour of compulsory clauses to be added to the Government Bill, although the peers of their party unanimously adhered to the theory of free contract; and, though the landed gentry of the Eastern counties appear to agree with the House of Lords, Suffolk tenants probably share the general desire to get anything which Parliament may give them. But it would seem that they are not disposed to sacrifice their political convictions even for the purpose of obtaining a benefit to themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues, notwithstanding some efforts to detach the county constituencies from their customary allegiance, never succeeded in producing the impression that they were the real farmers' friends. The Conservatism of the counties was formerly explained on the theory that landlords coerced their tenants either by fear or by favour. It would now appear that, in Suffolk at least, both parties are of the same mind, and perhaps on great estates the old deference to the opinion of the landlord may, in spite of the Ballot, not be wholly obsolete.

The determination to risk a trial of strength may not improbably have been suggested by the result of another county election, which ended in the return of an advanced Liberal, who happens to be nearly related to Colonel WILSON. Breconshire is smaller, poorer, and less populous than Suffolk, but the transfer of the control of a little Welsh county from the Conservatives to the Liberals furnished a significant illustration of the operation of the Ballot. No Whig or Liberal members had represented Breconshire within living memory; and at the latest contest, Colonel WOOD, who had then sat for the county for many years, was defeated because he had voted with Sir ROBERT PEEL for the repeal of the Corn Laws. If the old system of voting had not been abolished, the landowners of the county, who are by a large majority favourable to the present Government, would undoubtedly have been able, as in former times, to return a member of their own opinions. The statement that the election was influenced by resentment against a decision of the HOME SECRETARY which has almost annihilated the value of the fisheries in the upper waters of the River Wye is wholly chimerical. The number of owners affected must be comparatively trifling; and the class of voters which determined the election has no interest in the question. At the general election of 1874, Mr. FULLER MAITLAND, now member for Breconshire, was defeated by the present Lord TREDEGAR, who had held the seat for many years. Since that time the new system of secrecy has been more fully understood by the hill farmers; and a body of perfectly organized election agents, consisting of the Dissenting ministers, spared no trouble in convincing them, by sermons and speeches and in conversation, that it was no longer necessary to defer to their landlords, and that their opposition and occasional breach of promise would never be discovered. The defeated candidate afterwards published a statement, which may perhaps have been too sanguine, that he had received a majority of six or seven hundred promises. The pleasure of compliance with the urgency of the preachers was perhaps enhanced by a humorous foresight of the disappointment which was in store for credulous landlords. There was no question of oppression on one side or of discontent and hostility on the other. The Dissenting ministers canvassed more effectually in private and in their pulpits than the Conservative laity, and they have been rewarded by complete success. Their influence, though analogous to that of the Irish priests, is perhaps less secure. In the neighbouring county of Cardigan it was understood that at the general election the Liberal candidate was defeated, in some degree, because the Dissenting ministers were thought to have dictated too openly to the constituency.

Nonconformists, especially the descendants of the original Independents, possess considerable influence in the Eastern counties; but English farmers are not accustomed to make political contests turn on sectarian issues. The

Liberal managers seem to have forgotten that in Suffolk Labourers' Unions are more hostile to the farmer, and much more formidable, than the landlord. The strike of last summer, though it is no longer a subject of newspaper discussion, is fresh in the minds of the farmers, who ultimately prevailed in the struggle. The sentimentalists who have taken tenant-farmers under their patronage have lately exhorted the Suffolk electors to emulate the independence of their Cambridgeshire neighbours. When a vacancy occurred in Cambridgeshire in the autumn, the Conservative managers committed the mistake of selecting a candidate without consulting the constituency. The farmers properly determined to overrule the selection of the Treasury or the Carlton Club, but they preferred in Mr. RODWELL a candidate who held the same political opinions with his opponent. Their choice had a further significance in their personal reasons for preferring their own candidate. Mr. RODWELL had shortly before, as Chairman of an Association, conducted with remarkable firmness and discretion the contest between the farmers and the labourers in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmunds. It was in recognition of his services that he was returned for Cambridgeshire, and the victory of a professed and consistent Conservative furnished no precedent for the triumph which was rashly anticipated by the Liberals. Mr. TREVELYAN's proposal to transfer the control of the county representation from landowners and farmers to labourers would alone sufficiently account for the result of the late election. The experiment will not for some time be repeated.

The success of a follower of Mr. DISRAELI may perhaps not be an unmixed benefit to the country, nor indeed in the present state of parties would the addition of a single member to either party be a matter of practical importance. The Suffolk election is only satisfactory because it shows that tenant-farmers are not disposed to take the advice of their disinterested and benevolent patrons. It might be tedious to inquire into the causes which make the ownership of land obnoxious to the school of economists which dallies with Socialism. The qualities which are supposed to be produced by the possession of land have been held up to odium under the phrase of "landlordism," though it would be equally reasonable to denounce shop-keeperism or millownerism. The term of reproach is founded on the claim of landowners to retain their own property, while theorists insist that they should reduce themselves to the condition of mere annuitants on the land. The tenant-farmer knows more about landlords than his literary advisers, and, amongst other conditions of tenure, he is well aware that his rent is seldom forced up to the highest limit. If the farmer is a student of political literature, he soon discovers that the agitation against landlords tends to the encouragement, not of large and wealthy farmers, but of small freeholders. The modern doctrine that merely commercial ties must replace the relations which are invidiously designated as feudal finds but qualified acceptance among one set of parties to the bargain. If modern improvement ends in higher rents, it will not be enthusiastically welcomed. The Suffolk election will perhaps in some degree renew the confidence in the healthy working of the Ballot which had been disturbed by the result of the contest in Breconshire. The Ballot was promoted and carried on the assumption that it would increase the strength of the Liberal party. Since that time the Conservative reaction has spread over the country; but it is wholly uncertain whether it has been in any degree caused by secret voting. The Suffolk election would almost certainly have been decided in the same manner if the former system of open voting had prevailed. In Breconshire secrecy was indispensable to the triumph of the Dissenting ministers; but the constituencies of English counties and large towns seem only to retain an independence which they have long since asserted.

THE BELGIAN RIOTS.

THE Belgian Government has displayed much good sense in dealing with the unhappy disturbances which have shown how much discord and bitterness now reigns in what was once supposed to be a thriving, united, and peaceful little kingdom. Precautionary measures will be adopted for the future, and those who led the rioters have been prosecuted, but they have been subjected to very

moderate penalties. A year's imprisonment and a fine of 300 francs cannot be considered a severe punishment for the ringleaders in an attack by men armed with sticks on a perfectly defenceless crowd, where the hurt or wounded were counted by hundreds. Order will probably now be maintained, but the elements of strife remain in full force. The inhabitants of towns like Ghent are separate in thought, feeling, wishes, interests, and intentions from the inhabitants of country districts like St. Nicholas, and the separation is likely to grow rather more than less intense. The lively and interesting letters in which a Correspondent of the *Times* has sketched what he has seen of this religious spirit in town and country have brought home to English readers the fury of hatred which now rages between the two great divisions of Belgian society. Ultramontanism has managed to split the inhabitants of almost every Catholic country into two hostile parties, both of which the State may be strong enough to keep at present from open conflict, but which are drawn up in perpetual battle array. This is not only what Ultramontanism does, but what it means to do; it is essentially aggressive. It is a crusade against everything that is known in modern society under the general head of Liberal ideas. It aims at nothing less than the complete subjugation of the mind, the policy, and the strength of nations to the control of those who take their directions from an infallible master. Ultramontanes are quite logical; they have a system which to them seems perfectly right, and out of which everything seems perfectly wrong. Those who are the really formidable opponents of this system are moderate sensible Liberals, who recognize the value of religion, and who would be quite willing to live in peace with the Church, if the Church would but keep what they think its proper place. To crush these men, to win elections that will place them at a disadvantage politically, to break up their social standing and domestic tranquillity, to suppress their journals, schools, and universities, to get judges, generals, and Governments who will condemn and coerce them, is the standing aim of the clerical party. Nor is this aim pursued secretly and by modest and obscure means. The priests wish to see their side as prominent as possible. They give their followers the confidence and coherence which comes with audacity and with visibly strong measures. They mark their power in the eyes of all men by organizing pilgrimages and processions, by accepting a reign of new and perpetual miracles, by denouncing particular journals, by inveighing against individual Liberals. They want war, for an army that thinks it is going to fight is twice as good an army as an army of the Alphonsoist type, which is merely spirited about here and there that it may seem to be doing something. The Ultramontane leaders are far too energetic, and have far too much worldly wisdom, to act like a miserable Spanish Government. They strike, and they strike hard. They are perfectly willing to use the machinery of free institutions if it will serve their turn, and it is this which especially vexes the souls of Belgian Liberals. It seems so hard on them that their pet institutions should be turned against them. But what are they to do? If the priests can return a Parliamentary majority, the majority can do all that is within the province of the Legislature. A law subjecting the Liberal press to the censorship of an ecclesiastical committee would be a perfectly good and binding law. To oppose its operation the Liberals must disturb public order and take the consequences if they were defeated. Pondering over these things, the Liberals become very excitable and unhappy, and the more foolish of them take up sticks and stones and fall upon rural pilgrims.

In order to carry out all they wish, the Ultramontanes must have force on their side, and the nations of Europe are so much bound up with each other that the question of the real balance of power can only be settled by war. Civil disturbances here and there are very exciting, but in these days they lead to complications with foreign Governments. So long as the strength of the German Empire is unshaken there is a perpetual barrier between Ultramontanism and the accomplishment of its objects. Their darling aim is, therefore, to provoke a new war in which Germany may be beaten to the dust. There is no disguise about this; it is said as openly as anything can be said. At an Ultramontane gathering in Ireland, a few days ago, the health of the QUEEN was not drunk, but the health of the POPE was, and then followed toasts to the confusion of the German KAISER and the restoration of the

Temporal Power. Such demonstrations are harmless enough in Ireland, at any rate at present, and neither the confusion of Germany nor the restoration of the POPE is likely to be accelerated by the most prodigal consumption of Irish whisky. But in Ireland things may be said which cannot be said elsewhere, and the thoughts expressed there are the thoughts pervading every section of Ultramontane society. Whether some day there will be a new religious war is more than it is safe to pronounce. But for the present no great alarm need be felt. The Ultramontanes are far too weak. They have England, Germany, and Russia against them. They have the Governments and governing classes of France, Austria, and Italy against them. It is, of course, their main object to alter the condition of things in the three latter countries, and to organize a great Catholic league which, if England and Russia could be kept neutral or indifferent, might really confound the KAISER and restore the POPE. But, however hard they work, they are always creating for themselves one enormous difficulty. They are obliged to be outrageous, violent, demonstrative in order to encourage and consolidate their following; and this very violence sows the seeds of civil war. The organization of a Catholic league is beset not only by the difficulty of conquering Germany in a field of battle, but by the extreme probability that the Catholic Powers, instead of fighting Germany at all, would be engaged in civil war at home. France certainly would not be dragged into a religious war until after artillery had played very freely in French cities. The Ultramontanes may perhaps reckon on a new Bonapartist *coup d'état*. This certainly is their last and perhaps their only chance. But they have got to wait until three conditions are realized. The country must be moderately ready for a *coup d'état*, the stroke must be successful, and the new Government must be so strong at home that it can venture on dangerous experiments abroad. Just now we are a long way off all these things; and although it is quite right for all European Governments, and especially for that of Germany, to take account of the political aims of the Ultramontanes, and to counteract them by the steady maintenance of a wise policy, yet immediate apprehension may be easily exaggerated under the pressure of the domestic uneasiness which Ultramontanes can undoubtedly cause.

This uneasiness is so great that it is not to be wondered at that moderate and intelligent Belgian Liberals like M. DE LAVELEYE should come before the world with a statement of their woes. The form which M. DE LAVELEYE'S outpouring took was the issue of a pamphlet on Protestantism and Catholicism in their bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations. This pamphlet has now been translated into English, with a preface by Mr. GLADSTONE. The preface does not add much to the value of the composition, but it may serve the object it was probably designed to fulfil, and aid the circulation of the book in England. Even without this aid the work ought to please English readers, for it shows the immense superiority of Protestantism over its rival, and demonstrates how much more rich, free, happy, and prosperous are the adherents of the reformed than the adherents of the unreformed faith. This is to us an old tale, but old tales are often true, and to most Englishmen it seems a proposition equally true and gratifying that all worldly and most spiritual advantages are on the side of Protestantism. M. DE LAVELEYE also points out that it is the peculiar evil of Catholicism that it corrupts its opponents, and drives them into revolutionary despair. They seldom escape from the indirect influence of the system in which they have been brought up, and are as positive they are right, as ready to grind to pieces all who differ from them, and as ready to abuse power if they get it, as any ecclesiastical faction. They have nothing better to offer to the world than a bundle of negations and a general abhorrence of piety; and, as M. DE LAVELEYE most justly observes, man cannot live without religion. The general conclusion at which M. DE LAVELEYE arrives is a most melancholy one. The reader naturally thinks that all this laudation of Protestantism, this insistence on the necessity of a creed, must end in an exhortation to his countrymen to turn Protestants. But there is not a word of this in the pamphlet. M. DE LAVELEYE discusses the relative superiority of Protestantism and Catholicism just as if he were discussing whether Mars or Venus was the larger planet. There was a time when many Catholic countries, and especially France, might have been Protestant, but the golden opportunity was allowed to slip by, and, as M. DE LAVELEYE

evidently thinks, cannot be regained. Catholic countries are destined, he seems to consider, to be eternally the prey of alternate ecclesiastical and revolutionary despotism; but they are not destined to become Protestant. In short, they always believe too much or too little, and so Protestantism is not made for them. Protestantism is thus a royal road to human happiness which is closed to all except those whose princes happened to take a particular side in the sixteenth century. There is much more of truth in this than most Protestants have ever taken the trouble to recognize; but it is impossible to discuss how far it is a true theory, and why and what limitations are to be put upon it, without entering on theology. In the sphere of politics, however, it must be admitted that a Belgian is much to be pitied who witnesses the fierce dissensions by which his country is torn, who sees even darker days coming, and who has also come to the mournful conclusion that the only way of escape that Belgians could have is barred to them by the blindness of their ancestors.

THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THE debate on the Judicature Bill was probably so far satisfactory to the Government that it raised a convenient cloud of confusion around their most serious miscarriage. Whatever may be the merits of the House of Lords as an appellate tribunal, the LORD CHANCELLOR has been defeated by a combination of peers acting in virtual concert with some of his own colleagues. Lord CAIRNS'S character entitles him to the credit of having in difficult circumstances exercised a disinterested judgment. He may probably have felt that it would be wrong to run the risk of weakening the Government by forcing it into collision with a majority of its supporters in the House of Lords. If he had made the vigorous prosecution of the Bill an indispensable condition of his own continuance in office, there can be little doubt that the Cabinet would have admitted his absolute supremacy in his own department. Mr. DISRAELI again, if he had resolved on giving a cordial support to the CHANCELLOR, might have offered the malcontent peers the alternative of allowing the Bill to pass or of seeing their party capriciously driven from power. The Government is at least as necessary to the Conservatives as their majority is to the Government. Firmness and consistency are only politic or possible when they rest on conviction. Among the Ministers Lord DERBY almost alone shared the opinion of the CHANCELLOR, and it was generally understood that Mr. DISRAELI considered the previous abdication of the House of Lords a serious blunder. The Committee of volunteers which had contributed to the victory over Lord CAIRNS and Lord SELBORNE has now been disappointed in the hope of a further triumph. Lord ELCHO and his friends had thought it possible to postpone the operation of the whole Judicature Act for another year, and perhaps of ultimately repealing its principal provisions. It must be admitted that the constitution of the proposed Court of Intermediate Appeal is not satisfactory; and perhaps the prevailing opinion of lawyers inclines for the present to the permanent maintenance of the jurisdiction of the House of Lords; but among the dozen or score of professional speakers, not one ventured to advocate openly the retention of the present judicial system. Whether a fusion of Law and Equity is desirable or possible is a question only to be answered by experience. The Judicature Act is the result of long study and preparation, and it would have been discreditable to abandon an elaborate scheme which had been deliberately adopted.

It is necessary to the perfection of a judicial system that it should include the best possible court of ultimate appeal; and it is almost more important to provide for the intermediate appeals which may often involve no novel principle of law; but nearly all the litigious business of the country is disposed of in the Courts of first instance. In the Court of Exchequer the average number of actions commenced in a year was during a period of five years 27,194. During the same time the average number of appeals to the Court of Exchequer Chamber was eighteen, or one in 1,500; and the average number of appeals to the House of Lords was one, or one in 27,000. By far the greater number of actions proceed no further than the issue of the writ, which operates as a summary process for the recovery of an undisputed debt. Some hundreds of the cases in the Court of Exchequer proceeded to trial, with the result of furnishing one appeal to the House of Lords. It may be

inferred from such statistics that the practical evil caused by the mutilation of the Judicature Bill is of less grave consequence than the vacillation which has been exhibited by the Government. The remainder of Lord SELBORNE'S Act will come into force in a few months, perhaps to the embarrassment of some practitioners, who may find it difficult to reconcile themselves to new forms of procedure. Much inconvenience would have been caused by the further continuance of a system which was already condemned. Both Judges and practitioners will find it an advantage to accustom themselves as soon as possible to the practice which is to prevail for the future. The reduction in the number of Judges causes some dissatisfaction; but it may be remembered that three new Judges were added to the Common Law Bench only a few years ago; and it may be well to try the experiment of a more economical distribution of judicial force. The ancient custom by which four Common Law Judges sit together in banc involves a waste of power; and the Puisne Judges will henceforth be relieved from the occasional duty of sitting in the Exchequer Chamber. The Court of Intermediate Appeal will probably not long retain the constitution provided by the Bill; and if a change becomes necessary, the Government of the day may take into consideration the possible expediency of increasing the number of Judges.

Mr. LOWE professed with evident sincerity his desire to consider the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Bill with reference, not to judicial organization, but to the House of Commons, or, in other words, to party. If the debate had taken place two months earlier, denunciation of the conduct of the Government would have been more effective. Irritation and disapproval were exhausted during the controversy which immediately followed the withdrawal by the LORD CHANCELLOR of the appeal clauses of the Bill. It is extremely difficult to keep indignation at its original temperature during weeks or months which have been occupied with other subjects of discussion. It was probable when Mr. LOWE rose that he would utter pointed sarcasms; and it was certain that he could say nothing which had not been said before. His most ambitious illustration was unexpectedly irrelevant and feeble. He adduced the supposed case of a Lord Chancellor who, sitting judicially, made a wilfully unjust decree in deference to the wish of a section of the House of Lords. "That was a judicial case, this was a legislative case, but except in that respect the two cases are identical." It is strange that one of the acutest of disputants should fail to see that the distinction which he describes as trivial is fundamental. The Lord Chancellor in the supposed case would be guilty of wilful corruption. The actual LORD CHANCELLOR was at the worst liable to the charge of deferring too far to the policy of his Government and his party. The wishes of a portion of either House, which may possibly be a majority, must necessarily be taken into consideration in the conduct of legislation. The preference by the same body of a defendant to a plaintiff could have no legitimate bearing whatever on the decision of a Court of Justice. Mr. LOWE was scarcely more felicitous in his censure of the Government for withdrawing an unpopular proposal without pressing it to a division. Mr. HARDY was fully justified in the personal retort that Mr. LOWE'S financial proposals had been more than once abandoned in anticipation of an adverse vote, and in consequence of external dissatisfaction. Mr. LOWE'S generous solicitude for the honour of the Government was not strongly appreciated. It was not evident whether, if a division had been taken, he would have voted for or against the Bill. Sir HENRY JAMES repeated and enforced similar criticisms on the conduct of the Government; but the House of Commons took little interest in a question which tended to no practical issue. A discussion as to the balance of public or professional opinion was evidently unprofitable and hopelessly dull. With the exception of the Law Officers and of Mr. HARDY, no member of the Government took part in the debate. It was not the policy of the Cabinet to invite attention to the differences of opinion among its own members; nor would it have been decorous that Mr. DISRAELI should express his dissent from the measure which is still approved by the LORD CHANCELLOR.

In a future Session it will be necessary either to maintain in its present shape the jurisdiction of the House of Lords or to create a new Court of Appeal which may be nominally the same. Legal fictions are often unobjectionable when they preserve the shape of an obsolete institution which

has in course of time become saturated with a new substance; but the deliberate creation of fictitious qualities or functions is wrong in taste and in judgment. A Court not exclusively composed of peers will no longer be the House of Lords, although it may bear its name. It is true that Lord PENZANCE and others have quoted the authority of HALE for the appointment by the Crown of a kind of Judicial Committee of Peers with assessors; but the jurisdiction of the House of Lords is, according to the better opinion, inherent in its own constitution, and not derived from the Crown. Any plan which may be suggested for modifying the existing tribunal ought to receive mature consideration. The House of Lords is at present strong in judicial power; and it includes at least four Law Lords who have not passed middle age. The short duration of Ministries in modern times has often had the effect of multiplying the numbers of peers who have served in the highest judicial office. It is true that in any probable change of Government Lord SELBORNE would succeed Lord CAIRNS; but two other ex-Chancellors still take part in the judicial business of the House. The political capabilities of the controversy are temporarily exhausted. The Government has made a mistake which is the more readily condoned because the country is not interested in questions of judicial organization in proportion to their real importance. It was justly remarked in the course of the debate that litigants who have succeeded or failed regard with composure the risks to which their successors may be exposed.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

QUESTIONS similar to those which were for some years familiar to the House of Commons, and in the attempt to settle which Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry virtually perished, have been hotly discussed during the last fortnight in the French Assembly. The Roman Catholic Church is making the same claim in France which she has so persistently made in Ireland. In France, however, she starts from a very much lower level. In Ireland the higher education may be given by any one who thinks, and can persuade others, that he has anything to teach. When the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities determined to set up a University in Stephen's Green, they had to ask leave of nobody. They might call their institution what they liked, they might get what students they could, and they might teach them what they chose. In France, until the Bill for making the higher education free is passed, the Church can do nothing in this way. There is but one University, and no one is allowed to teach in public except as an officer of the University. It is probable that a great number of French Liberals would like to see this monopoly maintained. They may have come into collision with the State authorities in times when political opposition had to be veiled under literary criticism or historical research, and they may then perhaps have wished to see some recognition accorded to the liberty of teaching. But they are now in contact with a different adversary. The State is in name at least Republican, and in fact leaves the Republicans free to preach Republicanism by the ordinary political methods. The Liberals have no need to insert political allusions into the text of a lecture, and they have consequently nothing to gain by being allowed to set up free Universities. Apart from politics the State University gives them just the kind of teaching they want for other people's children, and their desire is that other people's children should have no opportunity of getting a different kind of teaching elsewhere. It is a satisfaction to them as well as a safeguard that the most rigid Catholics must either send their sons to the State University or forego the advantages of a French University education. To have the children of their enemies made over to them for the purposes of instruction gives the Liberals a chance of drawing their theological teeth while they are young; and even if they fail in the effort, there is still a solid pleasure in the annoyance which the fact that it can be made inflicts upon Catholic parents. Still these emotions, intense as they are, do not admit of being reproduced in debate. If a French Liberal were to admit that he likes the existing University system because it forces Catholic parents to give their children an education they dislike, and forbids them to give them an education they like, he would be considered alike by friends and enemies to have seriously damaged his cause. Consequently

the Bill for leaving the higher education free has been read a second time without any resistance being offered to the clauses which concede liberty of instruction. Supposing the Bill to become law in its present form, any number of free faculties or free Universities may henceforward be set up in France. The monopoly of the University is abolished, and for the future it will have to hold its own against all comers. The possible importance of the change is immense, for the Church has the means of founding Universities, and can supply them with any number of professors. Whether the teaching will have sufficient value apart from its theological orthodoxy to attract students, or to enable those whom it does attract to start in life on equal terms with those who have been educated at the State University, remains to be seen. But there is little doubt that the experiment will be tried on a large scale, and, if the alarm of the Liberals is any indication of the result, with some chance of success.

So far, however, the Roman Catholic Church has only obtained the freedom which she possesses in Ireland, and that, as Englishmen well know, is not enough to satisfy her. In days when University teaching was valued more for itself and less for its material results, the Church might have been content with the liberty of teaching. Now her advocates insist on the right of stamping the products of her teaching with a brand that shall confer the same privileges as the brand of the State University. This is precisely equivalent to the demand of a charter for the Catholic University of Ireland. It may be argued, with much show of reason, that a University education has come to be regarded simply as a means of obtaining a certain position in life. In this country, where a good education was once thought to be a thing worth having for its own sake, a young man is now pitied for having wasted his time if, after learning all that his University has to teach him, he is prevented by any disability from getting a life annuity in reward of his self-denial in submitting to be taught. The same way of looking at a University education is evidently popular in France. The Church will not thank the Government for allowing her to set up Universities if the degrees of her Universities are not recognized, equally with the degrees of the State University, as conferring certain civil rights. Against this claim there is a great deal to be said; and in the recent debates in the Assembly it has been said with much force by M. FERRY and M. JULES SIMON. The very fact that the possession of a University degree is an indispensable condition to entrance upon the learned professions and other civil careers, makes it the duty of the State to see that it is not given loosely. Such a degree may mean much or little, according to the extent and nature of the training which it implies, and to the severity of the examinations after which it is granted. All the labour which the State has bestowed upon perfecting University teaching in France will be thrown away if any mushroom institution which a bishop, or a religious order, or a little group of enthusiastic laymen, choose to set up is allowed to call itself a University, and to claim the right of granting degrees. On the other side it is argued that the possession of a University degree being thus indispensable to every young man who wishes to follow certain callings in life, the whole effect of leaving University teaching free will be neutralized if the State University retains the monopoly of giving these degrees. As between a University which can open the door to the professions and a University which can merely offer intellectual training, every student will prefer the former. It is true that the State University might be constituted an examining body for the students of all Universities as well as a teaching body for its own students, but to this the advocates of free education not unnaturally object. We have gained, they say, after a struggle which has lasted for more than one generation, the right of setting up Universities of our own by the side of the State University. It is not in human nature that the authorities of the State University should like a change which deprives them of the sole enjoyment of a valuable privilege, or that they should be perfectly just towards those who have successfully asserted their right to a share in it. If the examination of the students of the free Universities is to be entrusted to the authorities of the State Universities, what guarantee will the free Universities have that examinations will be fairly conducted? The examiners will have to test the results of teaching with which they are not familiar, and with parts of which they may wholly dis-

agree. It is neither fair to them nor to the students of the free Universities to impose such a task upon them.

One way of reconciling these opposing views would be to insist upon the degree of each University carrying its distinctive mark, and then leaving the world to find out which of the competing marks implied the best goods. In that case it would be necessary to impose an additional technical examination at the entrance upon certain professions, especially upon that of medicine; but in other respects each degree, whether of the State or of a free University, would stand on its own merits, and in time be accepted as testifying to a particular kind of previous training. This is not a policy which would be likely to find favour in France, and the compromise which has actually been adopted has the merit in the eyes of Frenchmen that it maintains the Government as the sole fountain of educational honour. Degrees are to be conferred by a Board of Examiners chosen by the Minister of Public Instruction—one-half to be taken from professors in the State University, and one-half from professors in free Universities. Fair play will thus be secured to students in the latter institutions. It is not very clear how this provision is to be set in motion during the years which must probably intervene before free Universities can be founded in sufficient numbers to supply the required moiety of the examining Board. As the MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION has only accepted the amendment in principle, he will probably be prepared with some suggestion to meet this difficulty when the Bill comes on for a third reading.

MR. CROSS ON THE LABOUR LAWS.

MR. CROSS'S Bills for the Amendment of the Labour Laws will probably fulfil one test of impartiality by dissatisfying both masters and workmen. The last modification of the law left in force a distinction which, although it may be defended on grounds of expediency, seems too invidious to be publicly vindicated when it is made a subject of agitation. The remedy for breach of contract by employers was necessarily of a civil character, and the punishment of defaulting workmen as for a criminal offence was theoretically anomalous. The difference was really founded on considerations of practical convenience rather than of abstract justice. Employers, who are themselves as a rule responsible and solvent, would find it impossible to recover adequate damages from workmen who may have inflicted on them serious loss. The Gas Companies of London, or the consumers who have a reversionary interest in their profits, were mulcted in many thousands of pounds by the conduct of the stokers, who afterwards became for a time popular heroes. The unlucky and injudicious severity of the sentence passed on some of the delinquents would have been advantageously replaced by pecuniary compensation, if it had been possible in such a case to enforce payment. Although trade combinations are subject to no exceptional liabilities, it is not surprising that workmen consider the obscure and elastic law of conspiracy as a special infringement of their rights. To the non-professional mind it is not immediately obvious that concert to commit an act which may not be criminal in itself may sometimes properly constitute a legal offence. Manufacturers suffering under the dictation of Trade-Unions naturally regarded the labour laws as necessary to the conduct of their business. The objections of the workmen and their leaders have prevailed because they admitted of plausible statement. Frequent experience has shown the difficulty of maintaining institutions which cannot be justified to popular apprehension. Mr. Cross in one of his new Bills concedes the principal demands of the advocates of the workmen by abolishing penal proceedings for breach of contract, and by excepting their combinations from the general law of conspiracy. The Bill to enlarge the powers of County Courts in respect of disputes between employers and workmen will probably be acceptable to artisans. It has indeed been thought necessary to confer in some cases a concurrent jurisdiction on magistrates; but the selection of the County Court as the regular tribunal will interpret the function of the justices.

The County Court Judges will not welcome a large and troublesome addition to their existing duties; but the transfer to their tribunal of the jurisdiction which is now exercised by magistrates will perhaps be the most striking

illustration of the change in the law. The plaintiff in a County Court suit evidently seeks only a civil remedy, although imprisonment may still be necessary as an alternative for the payment of damages. Some breaches of contract are still to be treated as criminal, on account of the injury which they may inflict on large classes of the community. Workmen employed by Companies or Corporations in the supply of gas or water will be liable to punishment if they imitate the London stokers. Railway servants also are in certain cases punishable for breaches of contract which may interfere with the safe conduct of traffic. Acts or omissions which cause public danger in other ways may also be made the subject of criminal proceedings. Parliament may probably approve of a compromise which will not satisfy the agitators of the working class. It will be contended that railway traffic, and gas and water supply, however necessary, impose no special duties on persons employed in those branches of industry. The sentences on the gas-stokers were founded on the extent of the mischief which might have resulted from their breach of contract; and the moral and legal questions involved in the case are not without difficulty. There was no doubt that the men relied on the inconvenience which they proposed to cause as the security for the concession of their demands; but, on the other hand, it could not be denied that they had been guilty only of a simple breach of contract, or of constructive conspiracy. Out of many hundred Gas Companies in England, two-thirds, or perhaps three-fourths, not having been constituted by Act of Parliament, possess no powers and are subject to no legal obligations to light their respective districts. If any non-Parliamentary Company were suddenly to discontinue the supply of gas, damages might be recovered for any contract which might be broken, but directors and managers could scarcely be prosecuted for conspiracy.

Enthusiasm for absolute equality before the law is sometimes tempered by the reflection that the excesses which law is designed to restrain are not equally distributed among all classes. Artisans have in some places assumed a licence of action towards one another and towards their employers which is peculiar to themselves; and their occasional eccentricities are not discountenanced by the public opinion of their respective trades. An incident which happened a few days since at Manchester shows that ordinary doctrines of morality are not universally accepted. A builder of that city had four or five years ago committed the offence of using bricks made by machine. As a punishment certain brickmakers agreed to set fire to one of his houses, and one of them, having been convicted of the act, and having been sentenced to seven years of penal servitude, lately died in prison. His funeral was attended by five or six hundred brickmakers in mourning, and it is added that all the men in the trade throughout the district ceased work at 10 o'clock in honour of the martyr. It would appear therefore that the brickmakers of Manchester, and, it may be presumed, some other bodies of workmen, esteem it a meritorious act to set fire to the property of an employer who ventures to use cheaper or better materials than those which the men themselves produce. The contempt of Trade-Unions for the interests of the consumer is too consistent and too notorious to require discussion. Their members are probably unanimous in the belief that bricks are made for the sake of brickmakers, and hats for the exclusive benefit of hatters. It is to the methods by which the doctrines of the working class are sometimes enforced that modest objection may be taken. That a supposed injury should be resented by arson is perhaps not surprising; but it is remarkable that the act should, after an interval of four years, be deliberately adopted and applauded by all the local members of the trade. Exceptional laws are about to disappear; but exceptional crime continues to flourish. Trade conspirators are less amenable to argument and declamation than members of Parliament.

Magistrates and judges have perhaps in some cases been influenced by their knowledge of the extravagant theories which are held by the perpetrators of comparatively slight offences. More especially the law of conspiracy has been applied to acts which might not have been criminal if they had not been the result of previous concert. In such cases as that of the Manchester brickmakers the moral guilt of arson is greatly aggravated by the complicity of a large number of persons in the crime, but in a prosecution for a distinct act of felony it is unnecessary to resort to the law of conspiracy. By one of the Bills introduced into the House of Commons within the last two or three years it

was proposed in substance to abolish the whole common law of conspiracy. The object of the proposal was to protect trade combinations, but it was thought better to make the exemption universal than to constitute a special privilege. Mr. CROSS is less logical, but perhaps more consistent, in securing immunity to combinations of workmen except in cases where the object of concert is itself criminal. A conspiracy to burn the house of an employer who uses the best and cheapest bricks will still be indictable, but an agreement to break a contract of service will not be a ground of criminal proceedings. Attempts will be made to render picketing lawful, but Parliament will probably not disturb the law as it has been repeatedly interpreted by the Judges. Some difficulty may be placed in the way of future prosecutions for the offence by the proposed change in the law of conspiracy. There is no privilege which the artisans who are represented by agitators value so highly as the right of coercing members of their own class who may differ from them in opinion or practice. A discharged workman who, without using direct threats, remonstrated with a successor to his employment would not commit an indictable offence. When he is one of a hundred workmen who patrol the neighbourhood of a shop or factory for a similar purpose, the injury which he inflicts becomes infinitely more serious, but it may be doubted whether he can be reached except by the law of conspiracy.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

ONCE more we return to this dreary subject. Sir WILFRID LAWSON has made his annual speech, and we await the usual assurance that the result was satisfactory to his supporters. He confessed that he had nothing new to say, and his few small jokes could not redeem the debate from dullness. It may, however, be doubted whether, if he were not capable of raising an occasional laugh, he would be listened to at all. The oratorical and literary work of the Alliance is, with this exception, about as heavy reading as the time affords; and if Sir WILFRID LAWSON were taken away, we question whether the expenditure of 100,000*l.* could supply his place. The debate in the House of Commons was "heralded," as the report in the *Times* has it, by a "vast meeting" in Exeter Hall, which was thronged by an enthusiastic audience, and no point advanced by the speakers "in the war against the public-houses" failed to secure appreciation. This report was no doubt furnished by the energetic Secretary of the Alliance, who, if he heard a speaker make the familiar statement that drunkenness is the cause of poverty and crime, would consider that the wordy war against the public-houses was being vigorously and effectively carried on. Speakers at these meetings pass rapidly from exultation to despondency. In the former mood they declare that public opinion is awakening to the great evil of drunkenness, while in the latter they lament that this evil is increasing year by year. It is unlikely these assertions can be both true, and we think that Cardinal MANNING made rather a liberal calculation both of supporters and opponents. He assumes—whether rightly or wrongly is immaterial—that all newspapers acknowledge that drunkenness and the facilities afforded by law for obtaining drink are at the root of all national evil; and at the same time he describes the trade in drink as a monopoly, a dominion, and almost an estate of the realm. It is perhaps unfair to complain of the dullness of these meetings, and also to protest against anything like rhetorical exaggeration. But it is plain that Cardinal MANNING was rather carried away by the enthusiasm belonging to one who is comparatively a new convert. He stated that the capital invested in producing drink, and also the facilities for producing and consuming drink, were increasing year by year, and, he says, "any one who denied that 'the evil consequences were increasing must be a logician whom he could not understand.'" We quote these words from a report which is evidently friendly, and cannot be accused of doing what the CARDINAL says reports used to do—namely, diminish the force of what is said by speakers—and it seems to us that the speaker's logic is unintelligible. Granted that more drink is made and sold in England than there was ten years ago, does it follow that more harm is done by drink? Population and wealth have increased largely, and it may be that the increased consumption of drink is to be ascribed to mode-

rate drinkers only. We do not say that this is so, but we say that the supposition that it is so is consistent with the premisses. In fact, the great majority of all classes drink beer, wine, or spirits, and, if drinking be in itself an evil, then evil has ensued; but the speaker does not go this length. By evil he means excess, and he argues that increased production proves excess, which we think questionable logic. Newspapers represent the feeling of society, and it would be strange if all newspapers condemned that which society favours. It is often difficult to judge of that which is immediately under our eyes, but we believe that those who are able to look back after an interval of twenty years upon the present time will see that there has been a considerable growth of national sobriety, and will hear the Alliance, if that society then exists, claim the credit of it. Some facts look one way and some the other, but this we take to be the fair result of comprehensive observation. There seems to be a rivalry between bishops of our own and of the Roman Church in extravagant suggestions, but still the influence of bishops and clergy of both Churches is, on the whole, steadily exerted to promote temperance. The press, according to Cardinal MANNING, is unanimous to the same effect, and the press was sometimes called the "fourth estate," until the CARDINAL transferred the title to the drink-sellers. The truth is that the speaker carried the habit of the pulpit to the platform. A preacher may at one time magnify the power of grace, and at another insist on the seductiveness of sin, and he might easily find examples of both, but not in the same natural body at the same time. We, however, are in effect told that the body politic of England is at once guided by the press and enslaved by the drink-sellers. Public opinion is awakening, but the constituencies, which are the public, are coerced. "The people are now kept in slavery to 'drinking customs by a tyrannous minority'; and the notion that this is a free country is a delusion.

Now that Cardinal MANNING has spoken, he may without danger permit himself to think; and, if he does so, he will perceive that the power of the "great monopoly" which he denounces must have some foundation in reason and justice or it would not exist. He seems, by the way, to use "monopoly" much as the fishwife's antagonist used "hypothénuse" as a mere general word of abuse. To say that existing drink-sellers have a "monopoly" only means that they alone sell drink; and we presume that the ARCHBISHOP does not desire that any more people should sell it. Brewers and publicans did largely influence the last election, because, not they alone, but their customers, were alarmed by the weakness of the late Government and the pertinacity of the Permissive zealots. Such demonstrations as that of last Monday will help to keep alive this alarm and to cement the union between the drink traffic and the Conservatives. As the CARDINAL says, the Alliance knows its own mind, and is strong; but the drink-sellers and the public also know their minds, and are still stronger. It seems strange that Sir WILFRID LAWSON should undervalue teetotalism as compared with the Permissive Bill. "This," said he on Monday night, "is not a 'question of teetotalism, but whether places should be 'opened for the sale of drink which debases our fellow-countrymen.' It seems more strange that Cardinal MANNING should prefer what he calls 'political' to what we will call personal action in this matter. Instead of meddling with liquor-shops, he would do well to try to influence the inclinations and habits of men. If temperance could be attained by cutting off the supply of drink, its moral value would be small. As Mr. MACDONALD said in the House of Commons, people can be sober, and ought to be sober, and they can put down public-houses themselves if they wish. But they should be left alone, and not put into the swaddling-clothes of a Permissive Bill. Mr. CARTER addressed the House earlier in the debate, and either spoke or is reported at greater length than Mr. MACDONALD. But he did not say anything so forcible as the protest of the latter against treating working-men as children. Mr. CARTER says that the less drink there is brought into workshops the better, and he appears to assume that, for the benefit of the masters or men of these workshops, the convenience of the neighbourhood should be sacrificed. But surely if the men cannot make a law for themselves, the masters can make a law for them. It may content Cardinal MANNING, now that he has made his speech and may descend from cloudland to earth, to hear that, in the opinion of Mr. CARTER, sobriety is ex-

tending in England. But, he says, as if he were introducing a qualification, this improvement has been brought about "by the advocacy of temperance principles." He evidently speaks of "temperance principles" in a sort of technical sense, which would not include an old-fashioned admonition to keep the body in temperance and soberness. "Temperance principles" involve bands and banners and subscriptions and "advocacy" on platforms, and ultimately the Permissive Bill, if you can get it; and if you cannot, you may still claim the credit of extending sobriety in England. Mr. CARTER imported novelty into a stale and unprofitable debate by comparing the Permissive Bill to an Irish Arms Bill. There is this difference between the two cases, that in the latter prohibition is not permissive, but compulsory. We are not aware of any proposal for convening the inhabitants of a district in Westmeath to vote upon the question of prohibiting their own use of firearms. We can of course see what Mr. CARTER means, and if he thinks that the prohibition of arms justifies that of drink-shops, we can only differ from him. But we are glad to hear from him that the passing of the Permissive Bill would not prevent the establishment of working-men's clubs, because, if that be so, we should think these clubs had better establish themselves forthwith. If the "intelligent and well-conducted working-men" of Leeds and other towns would provide in this way for their own wants, they need not trouble themselves either way about the public-houses. They will hardly, we should hope, come and tell the House of Commons that, although they have a club to go to in the evening, they cannot help going to a public-house in the morning. It needs a professional agitator to talk that sort of nonsense with serenity.

OUTDOOR RELIEF.

LORD LYTTTELTON invited the House of Lords last Monday to declare that outdoor relief ought gradually to be discontinued, and next week Mr. FAWCETT will ask the House of Commons to affirm the more practical declaration that pauperism might be materially diminished by throwing the charge for indoor relief over a larger area than that for outdoor relief. Lord LYTTTELTON's motion may be dismissed in a very few words. It was perfectly true in terms, and it would have been perfectly barren in results. The reason why outdoor relief is granted with such mischievous liberality is not that there is any difference of opinion among experts as to the propriety of retrenching it. The officials of the Local Government Board have no doubt as to what ought to be done in the matter; their difficulty is how to induce those whose business it is to do it to see facts in their right aspect. The House of Lords might pass any number of Resolutions without this local blindness undergoing any amendment. In this, as in other similar cases, the central authority has to work through the agency of local authorities very much less intelligent than itself, and its success is necessarily measured by the extent to which it can educate its agents. If it were expedient to throw the cost of pauperism on the Imperial revenue, it would be easy enough to go faster. The Unions would have little hesitation in handing over the relief of the poor to the Local Government Board, provided that the cost of such relief were charged to the Consolidated Fund. But a policy which secured scientific administration at the sacrifice of local supervision of expenditure and local sensibility to rates would in the end land us in worse straits than we are in already. If we do not want a national poor-rate, we must put up with the shortcomings of local administration. Governments can do but little to diminish outdoor relief; but they are sufficiently aware of their duties in this respect not to need the prompting of abstract Resolutions.

Mr. FAWCETT approaches the question from a different side. He is as much opposed to outdoor relief as Lord LYTTTELTON himself; but he recognizes the necessity of offering some inducement to the Guardians of the Poor to abolish it. It is quite true that in a better sort of world than this these officials would want no such temptation. Theory and experience meet together in condemning outdoor relief. It can be proved on paper that it must increase pauperism; it has been shown in practice that its discontinuance always decreases pauperism. To a certain part of the population of these kingdoms it is pleasanter to subsist on other people's labour than on their own, and outdoor relief is an ingeniously devised method of enabling

them to subsist on other people's labour with as little discomfort as possible. If the standard of living among the agricultural poor were higher than it is, it might be possible to make outdoor relief distasteful by restricting it to bare necessities. But, as a matter of fact, bare necessities are all that a large part of the labouring poor ever enjoy; and as they cannot be starved under pretence of relieving them, it is impossible to support them in a lower degree of comfort than that to which they have been accustomed. It is found, however, that there is a very great difference between bare necessities accompanied by freedom and bare necessities accompanied by the restraints of the workhouse. How great this difference appears to the poor would hardly be suspected if it had not been tested by repeated experiments. Cases have again and again been found in which the grant of outdoor relief seemed to have been surrounded with all conceivable precautions, and no one to have been left on the list who had visible means of subsistence without it. Yet in all these cases the offer of the workhouse has brought to light an unexpected faculty of dispensing with relief. One outdoor pauper after another has been told that he must come into the house or cease to be a charge upon the rates, and an immense majority of those to whom this choice has been given have managed somehow or other to make a living for themselves. The discomforts of the workhouse have scared some into a last effort to retain their freedom; the discredit of workhouse associations has extorted help from well-to-do relatives for others; and these two influences have between them disposed of a large proportion of what appeared to be incurable pauperism.

If it is asked why this experience has had so little effect upon Boards of Guardians, the answer is, that it is always difficult for uneducated men to accept even an assured future gain at the cost of a possible present loss. As regards the substitution of indoor for outdoor relief, an increase in immediate outlay seems at first sight to be inevitable. Here is a Union perhaps with a workhouse holding a hundred paupers, and with an outdoor relief list of five times that number. To talk to a Guardian of the propriety of abolishing outdoor relief is like telling him that he must build five new workhouses. He cannot believe that of these five hundred persons whom he knows as living in the extreme of destitution, not fifty probably would accept the workhouse if it were offered to them as the only form of attainable relief, and consequently that, by maintaining a hundred and fifty instead of a hundred paupers in the workhouse, he would save the cost of maintaining four hundred and fifty out of it. By degrees even Boards of Guardians will come to understand this; but as yet they are a long way from taking it in, and the problem is, how to persuade them to try the experiments which will alone work the necessary persuasion in their minds. Mr. FAWCETT's Resolution, and the amendment which is to be moved to it by Mr. RATHBONE, agree in making the burden of indoor relief lighter than the burden of outdoor relief. The Guardians dislike the thought of applying the workhouse test on a large scale, because they think that the cost of maintaining paupers in the workhouse must be greater than the cost of maintaining them out of the workhouse. Before they can be convinced that, though the cost of maintaining the individual pauper will be greater, yet the aggregate cost will be less by reason of the diminution in their numbers, they must somehow be induced to make actual trial of the result, and the only inducement that has much promise about it is one which shall make indoor relief immediately as well as prospectively cheaper.

Mr. FAWCETT proposes to offer this inducement in the form of an enlarged area of charge. He would make each Union pay as now the cost of relieving its paupers outside the workhouse, but he would enable it to come upon its neighbours for aid in relieving its paupers inside the workhouse. Where, as in London, adjoining Unions differ greatly in the amount of their poor-rate, the Unions which are most burdened, and which presumably spend the largest sums in outdoor as compared with indoor relief, would have a strong motive given them for improving their practice. They would not need to wait until they had assured themselves that the substitution of indoor for outdoor relief would not increase the cost of maintenance, while it would greatly decrease the number to be maintained. However much they might distrust the issue, they would be cheered by the thought that it was to be ascertained at some one else's expense. Mr. RATHBONE does not suggest any distinct plan

in place of Mr. FAWCETT's, but the words which he proposes to insert, when read by the light of his recent pamphlet, indicate a different, though it may be only a supplementary, scheme. Mr. FAWCETT wishes to pledge the House of Commons to the principle that the cost of pauperism should be borne by local and not by Imperial funds. Mr. RATHBONE would throw the cost of relieving outdoor pauperism on local funds, but would not exclude the possibility of transferring a part at least of the cost of relieving indoor pauperism to Imperial funds. His plan, as stated in his pamphlet, is to utilize the present disposition to make grants in aid of local expenditure in making indoor relief more general. He would leave the Unions to find the whole of the money spent in maintaining paupers out of the workhouse, but he would allow them to come upon the Treasury for a contribution towards the cost of maintaining paupers inside the workhouse. In fact, he would extend the practice of the Education Department to the Local Government Board. If a School Board is tempted to cut down the expenses of its school below the prescribed standard of efficiency, it finds that what it saves in one way it loses in another, because the first result of its economy is the forfeiture of the Government grant. In like manner Mr. RATHBONE would ensure Boards of Guardians against the temptation to prefer the apparently cheaper process of giving their paupers half-a-crown a head and a loaf by offering to grant a part of all such moneys as they might spend in keeping up the workhouse, while leaving them to pay for the loaves and the half-crowns out of their own local rates. The most interesting feature of the coming debate will be Mr. FAWCETT's criticism upon Mr. RATHBONE's implied addition to his motion.

THE MINISTERIAL POLICEMAN.

AT the dinner of the Merchant Taylors' School the other evening Lord SALISBURY hit upon a homely but happy illustration of the true policy of a Conservative Government, which is very likely to take the popular fancy. On his way to the dinner he had been caught in one of those blocks of traffic with which Londoners are so unpleasantly familiar, and, while thus detained, he had time to admire the good-humoured gentleness and patience with which the policeman on duty tried to induce the crowd to move on; and it occurred to him that this was not a bad symbol of the ideal to which a Conservative Government should aspire. It was, he reflected, by means of mild and gentle expostulations, by pointing out the right way, and facilitating movement in that direction, that the constable succeeded in getting rid of the block; but if he had drawn out his bâton, and had laid furiously about with it, he would probably have got knocked down himself, and most certainly would have added to the general confusion, instead of clearing the way. And then Lord SALISBURY pointed the moral that, in large as in small things, it is well for a Ministry to be the policeman who is content to ask people quietly and civilly to move on, and not the one who flourishes his truncheon on the slightest provocation, and knocks people over. Now this is really a capital picture of the sort of Government which is wanted in this country; and its modesty and common sense contrast favourably with the extravagant pretensions of which we had such a surfeit under the rule of Mr. GLADSTONE. There is certainly not much of the hero about Policeman X., but we should get on very badly without him, and it is his self-restraint and humble conception of his duties which constitute his chief value. He does not inflate himself with the idea that he has giants to do battle with, and that heaven and earth are in danger of coming together whenever there happens to be a momentary block in a crowded thoroughfare, which it requires a little trouble and patience to disentangle. He knows that blocks will happen, and that all that can be done is to make the best of them. It is easy to conceive how intolerable a policeman would soon become who exaggerated the nature of his functions, and was continually meddling with people in the street who did not walk precisely according to his notions of propriety. It is no doubt the business of a policeman to be a terror to evil-doers, but perhaps the most important part of the work is being a comfort and assistance to those who do well. He escorts nervous old ladies over the crossings, is the Providence of the strayed

child, and an unfailing guide to the stranger in any difficulty; and it is but rarely that the sterner aspects of his authority require to be exhibited.

There can be no doubt that there was in the temper of the late Government too much of the fussy policeman who is always collaring and thumping somebody. Much of the legislation which was proposed was wise and beneficial in itself, but the mischief lay in the delusion that everything must be set right all at once, and that coercion was the way to save time. The great object of a Government, however, should rather be to persuade people to do as much as possible for themselves; and it can only do this by carrying the public along with it. There might be no difficulty in framing severe rules for the regulation of traffic, but it would be another thing to get them carried out; and in such a case it is better to have the crowd on the side of, than against, the policeman. It makes all the difference in the working of an Act of Parliament whether those who are affected by it lend themselves readily and cordially to its operation, or harden their hearts against it, and endeavour to defeat it by passive, if not active, resistance. So far, Lord SALISBURY'S ideal affords a pleasant contrast to the conduct of the late Ministry; and it may also be admitted that to some extent the present occupants of office have honestly endeavoured to act in the spirit which he described. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more polite or conciliatory Government, or one more anxious to make things pleasant for everybody all round. It is obvious, however, that there is a point at which this good-nature is apt to degenerate into weakness; and it can hardly be denied that in some respects this has happened in the case of the present Ministry. It is all very well, as Lord SALISBURY recommends, to try what can be done by mild persuasion; but he rather leaves out of account that this sort of persuasion is not the only resource which the policeman has to rely upon, and also that its efficiency in a great measure depends upon its being known to be connected with a force of a very different kind. The crowd with which the policeman is contending with gentle affability are perfectly aware that, though he makes no parade of his truncheon, he has one by his side, and would not fail to use it if necessary; and also that he is the representative of a formidable body of men similarly equipped, to say nothing of being backed by the moral support of the community at large. He is, in fact, as TALBOT told the French Countess, but a shadow of himself, and "his substance, sinews, arms, and strength" lie behind, ready to be called into action when required. If all that the policeman was authorized or prepared to do was just to argue politely with the crowd, and then, if they would not be persuaded, to let them do exactly as they pleased, without troubling himself as to the consequences, it may be doubted whether his pleasant diplomacy would have much effect. A coachman, however, knows very well that, if he does not take a quiet hint, he will find himself presently before the magistrate, and will perhaps be fined or imprisoned; and this makes him much more amenable than probably he would otherwise be to the eloquence of the constable.

And here we come upon the weakness which has almost uniformly characterized the legislation of the Government. It trusts too exclusively to soft words and gentle persuasion, and leaves the bâton out of account. The language which is held in the Adulteration of Food Bill, the Friendly Societies Bill, and some other measures, in regard to the malpractices against which they are supposed to be directed, does not go beyond giving good advice, and leaving the people to whom it is addressed to take it or not as they please. In fact, it is DOGBERRY over again. "You are to bid him stand in the prince's name." "But 'if a' will not stand?" "Why, then take no note of 'him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the 'watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave." It is no doubt a sound rule in public administration that it is better to begin with the assumption that people are open to reason and willing to walk in the way which is pointed out to them; but when serious injury is likely to be done to the community by persons diverging at their own pleasure from the proper path, it is also necessary that some restraint should be applied in the event of courteous admonition failing. In the nature of the case, legislation necessarily implies some degree of coercion as its ultimate result; and it is because this has been, one may almost say, systematically omitted that the Government measures are of no more use than the old sermons and treatises on

morality which find their way to the butter-shops and trunk-makers'. To borrow a phrase from the vocabulary of the class of people chiefly affected by these measures, they will simply put them in their pipes and smoke them. They are essentially permissive Bills, inasmuch as they permit anybody to obey the law who chooses, and anybody who is not troubled with scruples of conscience to violate it with impunity. Remorse may trouble the offender's pillow, though it is not very likely, but at least he knows there is not the slightest fear of the constable at the door. All that the Government does is to shake its head, and say "Naughty, naughty," and then look the other way. This is a plan which hardly answers even with infants, and it is not likely to be very effectual with adults who have anything to gain by disregarding the law. If the Adulteration and Friendly Societies Bills are passed in their present shape, as appears probable, the only result will be that adulteration will be practised much more safely than before, and that insolvent or fraudulent Societies will receive a new lease of the Government guarantee which covers their rottenness. If the late Government went to one extreme in making an offensive display of coercion, the present Government is certainly going to the other extreme in attempting to dispense with coercion altogether, even in the case of the most flagrant offences. It may be a bad thing to make too much show of the bâton, but it is indispensable that the policeman should have one to his hand when other arguments are insufficient.

THE MARTYRS OF THE PRESS.

AMONGST all the queer institutions of English society there are few more grotesque than the charitable dinner. We may assume that it is perfectly right that the world at large should be invited to subscribe to such objects as the Newspaper Press Fund; but the process by which people's liberality is stimulated is certainly singular at first sight. Two hundred men are brought together to spend a summer evening in eating a dinner and listening to speeches. The dinner must of course be detestable. We do not mean the slightest imputation upon the particular establishment concerned, which, for anything we can say to the contrary, may be the best of its kind in London, or the world. But all public dinners are detestable. This is a truth so general that it may be ranked amongst the laws of nature without further inquiry into its ultimate causes. Some of the guests may be men of extraordinary powers of digestion. The great majority have to choose between looking on at a banquet without feeding and suffering a bad headache the next morning. Conversation is impossible in a miscellaneous crowd, most of whom are strangers to each other, and is made more impossible—if we may use the phrase—by music during dinner, to which nobody listens, and by public speaking afterwards, to which everybody is supposed to listen. The poor limp human beings who have sat through a hot evening in fumes of meat and wine, the perplexed jingle of glasses, small talk, and musical instruments, are supposed to be raised to a pitch of reckless liberality by the subsequent oratory; and experience seems to prove that the desired effect generally follows. It is strange, but true, and we will be content to notice the fact for the present without further inquiry into a mysterious process. We will confine ourselves to examining briefly the rhetoric which is the culminating point of this—as we fancy—rather barbaric method of raising money.

Every allowance must of course be made for oratory attempted under such circumstances. The most acute logician may well become muddled, and the most powerful swayer of the emotions descend to the maudlin, under the influences of the evening. The orator, too, is bound to be more or less humorous; and it would be hard indeed to take all his remarks seriously, or to insist upon their having any particular meaning whatever. Still the Dean of Westminster is an accomplished master of the art. Nobody has a finer instinct for seizing the popular aspect of a question, and if he is a little apt to be carried away by his characteristic geniality, he must have been amply prepared for the particular occasion. He had provided himself with the proper historical allusions, and he was quite in his character when pointing out that Cyprian added eight thousand new notations to the old system of shorthand writing; or that St. Jerome always took about with him ten, and St. Augustine sixteen, reporters when about to deliver public addresses. The Dean's stories were appropriate enough, and we must not even look too closely into his rather daring adulation of the various classes of contributors to periodical literature. People expect to be flattered on such occasions, though perhaps even on such occasions they think that there are certain limits to the quantity of appropriate flattery. There is a point, even after dinner, at which compliment degenerates into flummery, and we do not feel certain that this point was not passed in the Dean's eloquent remarks. But we have often wished that speeches of this kind could be followed by a plain statement of what the orator thought about them next morning. Such a statement might give the reverse side of the picture; the orator might be a little bilious and disposed to exaggerate the other

side of the case; the "proudest moment of his life" might become the moment at which he was most unequivocally bored; the modesty with which he professed himself unequal to his task might be changed into the annoyance which he felt at some other speaker having been invited before him; a recognition of the intelligence and candour of his hearers might be supplemented by a lively perception of the stupidity with which they missed his very best points. If the colouring, however, should be rather too dark, we might strike the balance between the morning's reflections and the evening's enthusiasm. Though we have no means of knowing what Dean Stanley actually felt when the cheers and the music and the list of subscriptions had become things of the past, we can guess what some of his hearers must have thought, and we might compose an imaginary oration such as he would have delivered to suit their calmer mood.

Last night, he would probably have said, I quoted the saying of a member of the House of Commons to the effect that the reporters were a "noble army of martyrs." It was added, indeed, that no reporter had been really martyred for some eight centuries. Their present martyrdom consists only in having to reduce bad speeches to order; and more frequently they make martyrs of the persons whom they report. They make or mar the fortunes of speakers by spoiling what has been said, or by reporting it too faithfully, or perhaps by adding oratorical touches which astonish the speaker himself. Now the real fact is that reporters are no more martyrs than cabmen, or tailors, or tinkers, or any other useful class of ordinary beings. There is no sort of heroism and no marvel of skill. Nothing is simpler than taking down a man's words when he does not talk too fast, and the reliefs are sufficiently frequent. The business, like all others, has its inconveniences, which are compensated according to the ordinary rules of demand and supply. When a reporter has to condense or to correct, he makes a blunder nine times out of ten. If he dots a few i's and crosses a few t's, he allows the characteristic flavour to evaporate. He dilutes good homely vernacular by conjectural insertions of newspaper English. He misses points, distorts arguments, and reports most faithfully just those slips of speech of which the speaker is most ashamed. A great speech, especially by an orator who speaks slowly and uses simple language like Mr. Bright, may be given with verbal accuracy; but the great bulk of speeches are slurred over, diluted, and distorted, and the removal of a few superficial blemishes is a poor compensation for the loss of dramatic vivacity. There is nothing surprising in all this; for reporters are men, often tired and sleepy, and sometimes unable to understand the words which they set down. Nor is it surprising that the facts are generally denied; and that the persons reported are in a tacit conspiracy to cover their reporters' errors with the most absurd eulogies. The secret is a very open one. Everybody wants to be well reported, and therefore everybody flatters the reporters. A gentleman smarting under some complete misrepresentation of his words invariably begins his letter of correction by bearing testimony to the marvellous fidelity of the reporters, who, in this one instance, have made a pardonable slip. The formula is becoming rather musty, but it will be used as long as a dose of flattery can be made to sweeten a demand for justice. Speaking candidly, we must admit that reporters are no more infallible than they are martyrs. They have great power, and they can extort compliments; we are not allowed to fee them with money, and therefore we must try the effect of puffing.

The Foreign Correspondents came in for the next bit of adulation. They are the lions, said the Dean, and we the jackals. They show indomitable courage and industry in hunting down princes and emperors. They can give the utmost pleasure "by a slight word of recognition here and there, so as to make us feel that we are not forgotten"; they can smooth the rough edges of international intercourse, and inherit the blessing promised to the peacemakers by that pacific tone which they almost invariably display. This is the after-dinner view of the matter. Next morning we can fancy Dean Stanley speaking a little differently. The Foreign Correspondent would become the jackal instead of the lion; a hungry animal snapping up garbage as well as wholesome meat; prowling round the back-doors of princes, and sniffing the breezes with a marvellous instinct for the faintest traces of battle and slaughter. A Minister cannot pay a visit to a friend—thanks to the Foreign Correspondent—without frightening all the financiers in Europe; and even a poor Dean, avoiding notoriety above all things, may at times be "interviewed" into some revelation of ecclesiastical policy. Blessed are the peacemakers! and therefore a gentleman whose trade it is to spread every rumour of possible causes of war, to tell the French how much the Germans hate them, and the Germans how deeply the French have vowed revenge, whose greatest hope of distinction is in a graphic description of the horrors of a battlefield, and who follows war round the world with the scent of a vulture, may try to win a share of the blessing by expressing intense disgust at all the reports he spreads and the scenes he describes. A sensational writer ought always to adopt a high moral tone. He gratifies our palate for the horrible, and yet makes us feel virtuous by calling our interest disgust. The most attractive preface to a narrative is, "This is too horrible for description"; and nobody spreads inflammatory rumours except in the interests of peace. After dinner we can take it all seriously, and turn the decorous pretence into a cause for compliment. In our billions moments we may doubt whether a Foreign Correspondent is not at times a noxious busy-

body, who is always poking his lantern into a powder-magazine by way of preventing an explosion.

But the writers of leading articles received the warmest eulogy. They compose terrific articles "at dead of night, resembling those terrific chapters in the Koran which turned the Prophet's hair white in a few hours." They have the "tension and energy compressed into the attitude of a crouching tiger." The Dean feels it a great effort to write even an anonymous letter, a fact which should increase our gratitude to him for writing so many as he is believed to do. How "incalculably greater must be the effort" implied in those "most unattainable, unapproachable pieces of human workmanship!" How astonished we are when we compare the humble individual of private life with the "colossal proportions" of the writer! The possessors of this marvellous power address "words of justice, of mercy, of purity to the many thousands" who read the papers; and in hours of sorrow leading articles "have added here and there a prayer to our national devotions such as even our venerable Liturgy would not be ashamed to own." The compilers of the Prayer-Book unluckily lived before the days of the *Daily Telegraph*, or we should have had a more impressive service for Good Friday. This is very touching, and we feel it almost ungrateful to repudiate such a compliment. How pleasant it would be to think that all our readers shared the simple faith of the Dean of Westminster! But here, too, we are haunted by a doubt as to the persistency of his convictions. When the Dean read his newspaper the next morning, did he feel all these emotions of awestruck admiration? He perhaps knows a few writers of leading articles, and can recognize their style. Has he never happened to say, I can guess who wrote that bit of nonsense; is not the man tired of making the same old jokes and using the same old sophistries? Does not such a one blush, even though he is anonymous, at writing this bit of popular balderdash? Is not such another calmly defending principles in print which he would disavow in private, or supporting the very same cause which he denounced a year ago? Are not some writers grossly unfair because they cannot be personally called to account; do they not blunder grossly because they have to write impromptu "at dead of night"; and boast that they have led public opinion because they have been clever and lucky enough to reflect the particular shade of nonsense which will commend itself to a silly public? Certainly there are such things as brilliant leading articles, though we cannot say honestly, except after dinner, that many of them are unapproachable pieces of workmanship; but they bear about the same proportion to stupid, prosy, illogical, bombastic, sophistical, and simply silly leading articles as is borne by the good to the bad in other human performances. We cannot help fancying that there are moments at which the Dean would like to do justice to this side of the question, and to prove that port criticism of dignitaries is to be found in the papers as well as noble utterance of the sublimest sentiments. If he had relieved his feelings in this way, the subscription list might have suffered, but perhaps he would have given a more faithful account of the true character of the "noble army of martyrs."

SOCIAL DISSENTERS.

WE are sufficiently familiar with the subject of social tyranny. Writers of very unequal intellectual calibre, from Mr. Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer downwards, have sought to expose the evils of social coercion and the risks attendant on the undisputed sway of majorities. Without doubt modern forms of social structure contain the seeds of these evils, and it is only by frequent reiteration of the rights of individuals and of the legitimate limits of social pressure that the actual development of a harmful social tyranny can be prevented. However obvious to reflecting minds the principle of individual liberty may be, it seems certain that the unreflecting many are apt to overlook it altogether, or at most to regard it as the far-fetched doctrine of eccentric and unpractical philosophers. Hence it may be argued that the value of liberty to the individual cannot be insisted on too frequently or too earnestly. At the same time, a little consideration may suffice to show that here as elsewhere we have to do with a half-truth only, and that an adequate conception of the real nature of the subject can only be arrived at by placing in juxtaposition two mutually limiting propositions. Although it is indisputable that the individual has rights as against the majority, it is no less true that the majority has rights as against the individual. If, on the one hand, a man is perfectly justified in holding opinions or in gratifying tastes which clash with those of the society in which he lives, on the other hand the whole or any section of that society is perfectly justified in agreeing upon and adopting for themselves any opinions or tastes which they may choose.

We may assume perhaps that nobody will question the validity of this postulate, but rather that it will be regarded as too obvious to need explicit recognition. Majorities, it may probably be said, being the seat of moral force, cannot, like individuals, experience any practical injury from a non-recognition of their rights. Whereas a society may so persecute and worry an obnoxious dissenter from its code of opinions and manners as to render his life miserable, the individual who would legislate for society has no such sanction for enforcing his decrees. If, then, society cannot in practice be wronged by the excessive love of power of any of its individual members, of what use is it to main-

tain its purely theoretical rights? In reply to this objection we would urge that moral judgments, quite apart from any power of giving practical effect to them, are a matter of high importance. It is exceedingly desirable that men's impulses to condemn and to punish should be properly regulated even when there is no danger of their being carried into external action. There is, we suspect, in most of us a latent potentiality of tyranny which only requires a favourable combination of circumstances to break out into open despotism. It has often been observed that the most zealous denunciators of religious tyranny have, when themselves raised to positions of power, proved fully equal to ecclesiastical coercion. The only certain method by which actual tyranny can be prevented is to restrain and discipline our habitual impulses; and among these impulses must be reckoned the desire to deprive numbers of their right of agreeing to adopt some uniform style of manners.

There are a few singular persons who appear to find something inflammatory in every semblance of uniformity in opinion and mode of life. Not content with expressing in the most undisguised manner their complete dissent from a prevailing fashion, they would make the adoption of it by society a sort of *casus belli*. Such persons look on it as a direct injury to themselves that the majority of the community adopt some convention with which they do not sympathize, and they raise an outcry against it as something radically harmful and tyrannous. A very good illustration of this kind of temper was given not long since in a letter to one of the newspapers. The theme of the writer was the present fashion of dining out. He protested eloquently, almost pathetically, against the extrusion of the old convivial gathering with limited numbers, sympathy of taste, and high quality of fare, by the modern huge, showy, and comfortless dinner party. With the writer's expression of his private preferences most persons will pretty certainly sympathize; at his ardent denunciations of present fashion as something hard and despotie one can scarcely fail to be amused. It may, perhaps, be worth while to show precisely where the irrationality of this kind of complaint lies.

First of all, then, this is clearly a case in which a number of persons agree on a certain rule of life for themselves only, and do not seek to force it on others. Nobody is compelled to enter the circle of fashionable life and to adopt its many regulations. Everybody is perfectly free to construct his dinner parties according to his own individual tastes, selecting just what kind of society he finds most congenial. In this particular the fashion of hospitality differs from that of dress. The impositions of society with respect to apparel are no doubt in a measure tyrannical. A man who attempts to move about town unadorned with the orthodox cylinder is exposed to all kinds of annoyance, not only from his acquaintances, but also from strangers. In other words, an omission to dress according to the ruling code is punished by the most unmistakable signs of social displeasure and contempt. But a person may order his domestic affairs without this exposure to annoyance. Without doubt, if a man with a fashionable acquaintance chooses to keep aloof from its ostentatious gaieties, and to adopt a quiet style of hospitality, he will forfeit the graces of his quondam companions. But this is no hardship, since, *ex hypothesi*, his tastes lead him to select another order of companionship. Perfect liberty would seem to be secured when every man is able to surround himself with exactly the kind of society he prefers. It is undoubtedly true that this arrangement may tell harder on some than on others. Those whose tastes coincide with the ruling tastes clearly have a larger area from which they may select their companions and guests. It is possible, moreover, that a person may find himself, for example, in a small town, surrounded by a society in which he looks in vain for sympathetic acquaintances. Yet this is only an example of the mode in which all free competition falls with particular severity on a few. Thus, for instance, in industrial competitions a youth who has a ready versatile mind, and is able to concentrate his thought and action on a large number of different operations, is far better off than another who has only a special aptitude in one particular direction, which may happen to be a direction to which no existing demand corresponds. The advantages of a system of competition are commonly supposed to be more than sufficient to compensate for these drawbacks. In like manner it may be argued that a social system in which every individual is free to attach himself to whatever group he may prefer, is, in spite of its disadvantages, the best which has yet been devised.

We may see too that even in the case of the isolated dissenter the hardship complained of is not as great as it looks. The most frequent instance of this comparative solitude is that of a man who has risen to a higher stage of æsthetic and intellectual culture than that of his immediate social environment. The writer of the letter to which we have called attention is evidently aware that his conception of convivial intercourse is higher than the prevailing one. Now may not society in such a case retort:—"How can you possibly feel yourself aggrieved by our laws, which are in no way binding on you, and which you voluntarily reject because, according to your own avowal, you have reached something higher and more precious? Are you not exhibiting something of the dog-in-the-manger spirit by grudging us a style of life which gratifies us, and of which, as you confess, you have no need?" If culture is worth anything, it ought surely to be able to reconcile us to the loss of that kind of society in which it receives no recognition. Even if the supposition of superior culture be erroneous, the person who voluntarily renounces the conventional mode of life has his consolations. The pleasure which attends the idea of superiority is an exceedingly

lively emotion, and is quite powerful enough in certain minds to induce men to forego the advantages of social intercourse and sympathy. A person who shuts himself in from the prevailing type of society derives no inconsiderable gratification from habitual reflections on the poverty and insipidity of the world he thus renounces. Since he has this source of enjoyment, it seems somewhat unseemly that he should grudge the majority the pleasure which they are able to find in the way which he professes to despise.

Once more, this kind of complaint against society is unreasonable, inasmuch as it aims at depriving the vast majority of people of a very valuable aid to life. The strong and independent nature which prefers to rely on itself and to carve out its own path of life is unable to appreciate the value of social forms to the weak and dependent mind. The greater number of men and women would be quite at a loss if left to devise their own habits of life and modes of pleasures. A definite fashion in such matters as hospitality is essential to them. All sense of security in existence would disappear as soon as they failed to hear the clear voice of King Nomos directing them amid the myriad uncertainties of external life. Hence to seek to forbid the formation of a code of rules is to wish to uproot one of the most valuable supports to the majority of people. Finally it may be remarked that every ground of complaint is removed from the social dissenter by the fact that he is at perfect liberty to diffuse his own superior conceptions of life and manners by every device of argument and eloquence. The same need of guidance which drives the many to act on received ideas may urge them by-and-by to adopt the new and improved style of life which the self-banished few are now preaching so zealously. If only these advocates succeed in making out the superior advantages of their régime, there seems no reason why they should not in turn become the legislators of society in all such matters as hospitable entertainment. To the philosophic few who voluntarily absent themselves from the fashionable circles of the hour this possibility ought surely to yield ample comfort. The thought of succeeding at length in imposing laws on the very masses whose present ways he so cordially despises is sufficient, one would imagine, to afford such an absentee a fine thrill of satisfaction. In addition to the gratifying feeling that he has reached a height from which conventional society appears as a group of pigmies, he has now the exquisite delight of anticipating the hour when these same pigmies shall be brought to acknowledge his vast superiority. With all these sources of consolation open to him, the voluntary seceder from the social band ought surely to refrain from quarrelling with all the other members of the union merely because they did not see fit to secede with him.

A LESSON FROM GRAY'S ELEGY.

SOME of the papers have lately recorded the sale of, if we rightly remember, the original manuscript of Gray's famous Elegy, in which the stanza which is perhaps the best known takes a shape that differs in a very instructive way from the shape in which every one can repeat it. In the stanza which begins with the "village Hampden" three words were changed to give it its present shape. The change makes no difference either to the sentiment or to the run of the verse, but it makes all the difference in the world as a matter of taste, and it is a sign of a change of feeling which we fancy that Gray had no small share in bringing about. As the stanza first stood, the "village Hampden" was a "village Cato"; the "mute inglorious Milton" was a "mute inglorious Tully"; and the "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood" was a "Cæsar" in the like state of innocence. The change speaks volumes; it speaks all the difference between an age which cares about its own history and an age which does not. In one point perhaps the first form of the stanza was clearer. People have been known to fancy that the mute inglorious Milton, perhaps even the guiltless Cromwell, meant obscure bearers of the names of Milton and Cromwell. The names of both Tully and Cæsar have been used as surnames in England; still they are not so familiar in that use that anybody could make that mistake about them. The inglorious Tully and the guiltless Cæsar could only have meant men who had powers in them which might, had they had the chance, have made them glorious or guilty, but to whom circumstances never gave the opportunity of putting those powers forth. A question may perhaps be raised whether the grouping is quite perfect which joins these two with the village Cato or Hampden. The inglorious Tully and the guiltless Cæsar actually do nothing; it is simply possible that they might have done something. But the village Cato or Hampden really does something, and he does exactly the same kind of things as the greater Cato or Hampden, only his destiny obliges him to do them on a smaller scale. Tully and Cæsar *in posse*, and only *in posse*, are coupled with one who is Cato, or at least *Catunculus*, *in esse*. Again, in contrasting the English triad with the Roman, we might remark that Cæsar is grouped along with two of his own opponents, or, if any one thinks that Tully hardly deserves the name of an opponent of Cæsar, at any rate with two members of the opposite party. But Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell did, as a matter of fact, all act together, though we may doubt how long Hampden and Cromwell would have gone on acting together. Two other points may also be noticed. The line in which Hampden supplanted Cato suits Hampden much better than it suits Cato. The particular act by which Hampden first rose to fame is

much more likely to have its parallel on a small scale between private men than anything that Cato did. And it should be noticed that Gray, sympathizing with Hampden, does not sympathize with Cromwell. He puts Cæsar and Cromwell together as men to each of whom the epithet "guilty of his country's blood" will alike apply. Gray at least was not open to the complaint of Mr. Grote, that both Cromwell and the elder Buonaparte were often blamed for keeping a legitimate King out of his place, but never for usurping an unlawful power over the people. It is plain that the views of Cromwell which are fashionable now had not presented themselves to Gray. He went along with Hampden's resistance to Charles the First, but he saw only blood-guiltiness in Cromwell's taking despotic power upon himself.

But Gray's change of examples in revising his verse illustrates things of more importance than the particular view which the poet took either of the Roman or of the English civil war. The thing which is really to be marked is that Gray, having first of all put down the names of three Romans as illustrations of his meaning, afterwards deliberately struck them out and put the names of three Englishmen instead. This is a sign of a change in the taste of the age, a change with which Gray himself had a good deal to do. The deliberate wiping out of the names of Cato, Tully, and Cæsar, to put in the names of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, seems to us so obviously a change for the better that there seems to be no room for any doubt about it. It is by no means certain that Gray's own contemporaries would have thought the matter equally clear. We suspect that to many people in his day it must have seemed a daring novelty to draw illustrations from English history, especially from parts of English history which, it must be remembered, were then a great deal more recent than they are now. To be sure, in choosing English illustrations, a poet of Gray's time was in rather a hard strait. If he chose illustrations from the century or two before his own time, he could only choose names which had hardly got free from the strife of recent politics. If, in a poem of the nature of the *Elegy*, he had drawn illustrations from earlier times of English history, he would have found but few people in his day likely to understand him. Gray himself was one of the first writers to show that earlier parts of English history were not only worth attending to, but were capable of poetic treatment. We can almost forgive him for dressing up in his splendid verse a foul and baseless calumny against Edward the First, when we remember that to most of Gray's contemporaries Edward the First must have seemed a person almost mythical, a benighted Popish savage, of whom there was very little to know, and that little hardly worth knowing. Our feeling towards Gray in this matter is much the same as our feeling towards Mitford in the matter of Greek history. We are angry with Mitford for misrepresenting Demosthenes and a crowd of other Athenian worthies, but we do not forget that he was the first to deal with Demosthenes and his fellows, neither as mere names nor as demi-gods, but as real living men like ourselves. It was a pity to misrepresent Demosthenes, but even the misrepresentation was something; it showed that Demosthenes could be made the subject of human feeling one way or another. It is unpleasant to hear the King whose praise it was that

Velox est ad veniam, ad vindictam tardus,

spoken of as "ruthless," and the rest of it. But Gray at least felt that Edward was a real man, while to most of his contemporaries he could have been little more than "the figure of an old Gothic king," such as Sir Roger de Coverley looked when he sat in Edward's own chair. Gray's change from Roman examples to English ones is of a piece with the round robin from Johnson's friends, asking him to write Goldsmith's epitaph in English; and we know what Johnson thought of that. Indeed Lord Macaulay's parallels do not exactly hold good. A Latin epitaph on Goldsmith or any other Englishman was not the same as a Greek epitaph on a Roman, or as the more ludicrous case which he puts of "commemorating the deeds of the heroes of Thermopylæ in Egyptian hieroglyphics," because the use of Latin in England was at least the keeping on of an old tradition, when there certainly was no Greek tradition in favour of the use of Egyptian. But both Gray's improvement of his stanza and the petition of Johnson's friends were signs of the uprising of a new spirit, a spirit which was beginning to claim for English history and the English language, if not all that they deserved, yet at least some instalment of it. It was a reaction against the exclusive classical feeling of the generation or two earlier. In the days of Addison, for example, there really seems to have been nothing in men's minds like a real historical past to draw upon. All mediæval history, English and foreign, is summed up in the phrase, of "the Gothic ages." Addison's own gallant attempt to do justice to Chevy Chase and to Milton stand out in marked contrast to his own general way of speaking. The men of that day had no national past, and the exclusive classic taste prevented the history of Greek or Roman times from being to them a real past. To them all the "classics," all the "ancients," were people of the same kind, people who lived at the same time, if indeed they could, in their notion of them, be said to have really lived at all as creatures of flesh and blood. They were a kind of Olympian gods, set up above modern mortals, to whom the rules of chronology did not apply. To them Cato, Tully, and Cæsar were hardly more real than the Jupiter, Mars, or Venus into which the gods of Hellas had been travestied. Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell might be the objects of political like or dislike, but it would hardly have seemed possible that they, mere men, mere moderns,

mere Englishmen, could ever have displaced Cato, Tully, and Cæsar as sources of poetical illustration.

The change then which Gray made in this well-known stanza is not only an improvement in a particular poem, it is a sign of a general improvement in taste. He wrote first according to the vicious taste of an earlier time, and he then changed it according to his own better taste. And of that better taste he was undoubtedly a prophet to others. Gray's poetry must have done a great deal to open men's eyes to the fact that they were Englishmen, and that on them, as Englishmen, English things had a higher claim than Roman, and that to them English examples ought to be more speaking than Roman ones. But there is another side of the case not to be forgotten. Those who would have regretted the change from Cato, Tully, and Cæsar to Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, those who perhaps really did think that the bringing in of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell was a degradation of what they would have called the Muse, were certainly not those who had the truest knowledge of Cato, Tully, and Cæsar. The "classic" taste from which Gray helped to deliver us was a taste which hardly deserves to be called a taste. Pardonable perhaps in the first heat of the Renaissance, when "classic" studies and objects had the charm of novelty, it had become by his day a mere silly fashion. And, in the form which it took from the Restoration of Charles the Second onwards, it was moreover a sign of French influence. In Italy Cato, Tully, and Cæsar had always one degree more of life than they could ever have in France or England. The people who would have liked Cato's name rather than Hampden's would be just the people who could give very little account of Cato beyond the fact preserved by the Latin Grammar, that he was "a noble Roman." The exclusive "classic" taste implied ignorance of non-"classic" things, but it implied no knowledge of "classic" things. Or rather, as an exclusive taste, it implied ignorance of them. It was inconsistent with real knowledge, because it implied that "classic things" were not put in their true relations to other things. Gray and others who took their place in the same ranks did a good work by challenging their due importance for later, and especially for national, subjects. But, in so doing, they helped to set up the barrier which we now have to fight against, the fatal distinction between ancient and modern. It was right to bring in Hampden alongside of Cato; it was right, under the circumstances of Gray's poem, to make him actually displace Cato; the danger was that Cato should be set aside altogether as a being with whom we could have nothing to do. The problem was to remember Hampden without forgetting Cato. If Cato is altogether forgotten—still worse, if Cato is looked on as a being of altogether a different nature from Hampden—then Hampden's victory over Cato is no longer an unmixed good. The exclusively "classical" taste, and the feeling which dislikes and shrinks from anything "classical," are only two shapes of the same mistake. They both embody the notion that "classical" things are something wholly unlike, and utterly cut off from, all other things. Both embody the notion that, while Hampden is a real man, Cato is not. The true faith to be striven after is the belief that Hampden and Cato are equally men, differing only according to the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners. Hampden should neither shut out Cato, nor Cato shut out Hampden. Cato or Hampden may either of them be the best illustration in some particular place. In contemplating an English country churchyard, Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell were far more fitting allusions than Cato, Tully, and Cæsar. Milton and Cromwell were better, because the subject was English and not Roman. Hampden was better both for this reason and also because the conduct supposed was really much more like the conduct of Hampden than the conduct of Cato. But, in some other case, Cato might be a better illustration than Hampden; and, if so, there should be a free power of using Cato. The great thing is to take in that history is one, that man is one, that Cato and Hampden are beings of the same nature, and the two stand side by side, each ready for use whenever he happens to be the best for use. And the older examples have this merit, that they are æcumenical, while the later ones are local. Cæsar is of the whole world; Cromwell is only of three kingdoms.

BURIAL AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE waning amusements of the season have received an interesting addition in the exhibition of coffins at the Duke of Sutherland's. There are few things which in these days have escaped being made the subject of a competitive display, but it has never before occurred to any one, as far as we are aware, to ask people to spend a summer afternoon in looking at coffins, and considering how they would like to be buried. Yet none of the shows of the year have proved more attractive than this one. On Thursday afternoon the umbrella-tents at Prince's were deserted, and the Park passed by, while the fashionable world crowded the terrace at Stafford House, engaged in an inspection of various illustrations of the new form of sepulture invented or recommended by Mr. Seymour Haden, and in discussing its sanitary, æsthetic, and other advantages. The bright and animated aspect of the company, and the cheerful and even lively tone of the conversation which prevailed, would perhaps scarcely have suggested to an unprepared observer the nature of the subject which had brought the sprightly throng together; but some allowance may be made for the gratification

of discovering a novel topic of fashionable gossip. After all the bills of mortality are not likely to be increased by a change in the method of burial, and, on the other hand, there is at least something new to talk about. The skeleton at the feast may be taken as an appropriate symbol of the new phase of social excitement. The ladies, when they retire to the drawing-room, will exchange views as to the last sweet thing in shrouds or coffins, while the gentlemen below will occupy themselves over their wine with cheerful dissertations on the relative merits of cremation and interment. It would appear that the painful sensitiveness on the subject of mortality which at one period afflicted the French Court, so that no reference to it was tolerated, has passed away from good society in England at the present day. The question of the nicest way of being buried is discussed with perfect frankness and equanimity, and a considerable part of life promises to be spent on the consideration of what is the most picturesque and poetical fashion of decay. It seemed at one time as if the question was going to be dropped, or perhaps we should say buried, for Mr. Haden's second letter certainly did not excite anything like the same interest as the first, and although he promised another in a few days, weeks elapsed without even the slightest reference to the subject. Mr. Haden has now, however, finished his letters and opened an exhibition into the bargain, and he may expect at least the proverbial allowance of nine days for his wonders.

The specimens of coffins exhibited at Stafford House are about a dozen in number, and notice is given that they are merely suggestive, and do not practically fulfil all the conditions essential to their principal use. They are all made of osiers, either white or stained, and in shape are similar to an ordinary coffin, except that they are rounded at the ends. They have, in fact, very much the appearance of extra-sized bassinets for very large babies. Some are of a perfectly plain character, and are recommended as "inexpensive," while others are of a more ornamental character, with stripes of blue, or black and gold. But of course they are all much less costly than the boxes in present use, though this is a consideration which to most people will appear comparatively immaterial in such a case. The question is not one of expense, but of decency and sanitary wholesomeness. A double basket is provided for cases in which charcoal is required, the powdered dust being placed in the interval—from two to three inches—between the two baskets. In most of the examples the meshes of the wicker-work are too close for the conditions of speedy disintegration; and thus one of the practical difficulties of the experiment is how to make the coffins sufficiently open for this purpose, while at the same time strong, and capable of retaining a proper hold of their contents. The solution of the problem may possibly be found in the use of a temporary outer covering while the body remains in the house, which will be removed when it is deposited in the earth. No attempt was made on this occasion to illustrate the manner of filling up the baskets with ferns, lichens, mosses, fragrant shrubs, evergreens, and so on, as proposed by Mr. Haden, but there were a couple of coffins in which the wicker was lined inside with a surface covering of moss, and which certainly looked snuggest, as a lady observed, than the naked wicker-work, which rather suggests cool summer wear. It is admitted that in special cases linings of some imperishable material for a few inches upwards from the bottom will be necessary, and in other cases some modifications of the ordinary form, in order to ensure a complete inclosure of the body in wool, charcoal, or other disinfectants. In appearance the wicker coffins when filled up with foliage must, we should think, be less gloomy and repulsive than the wooden ones; and to some minds there may perhaps be a sentimental feeling of relief in the idea that screwing down is dispensed with.

On the whole, it may be supposed that any one, judging by his feelings when alive, might prefer, as a matter of taste, to be lightly swathed in herbs and osiers rather than screwed down roughly in a hard, tight box; but, after all, the question of the fittest mode of interment concerns the survivors rather than the departed one, and it is necessary to recognize at the outset that, where there is anything like natural feeling, it is hopeless to think of reconciling the misery of the event with any kind of æsthetic enjoyment. And it is here that Mr. Haden has strangely erred. In his second letter he seems to suggest that some measure of consolation will be found for bereavement in the occupation of decking the body with flowers. "The men," he writes, "are away on the business of the dead, the women are left; the mother, the wife, the daughter, the stranger even that is within their gates. The dead is in their keeping. Simple flowers and pleasant memories suggest the grateful nature of their task. Who that knows them will doubt their pious employment?" In this passage Mr. Haden strikes a discordant note which is surely contrary to the ordinary feelings of human nature. Affection for the dead is usually mingled with a natural awe of the remains, and nothing can be more repugnant to ordinary feelings than the notion of getting pretty and picturesque effects out of the decoration of a bier. The associations of death must necessarily be dark and painful, and they are only likely to be made more so by any attempt to disguise the gloomy reality by fantastic ornament. All that is required is respectful usage of the dead, and reasonable consideration for the health and feelings of the living. Some means must be taken to prevent the spread of infection while the body is at home; but there is no reason why the period should not be shortened at least by prompt removal to a mortuary, if not by actual

interment; and it is on this and other sanitary points that Mr. Haden's remarks are chiefly valuable. It cannot be denied that he has established a strong case in favour of less dilatory burial—and the positive statement which has been signed by the chief surgeons and physicians conclusively sets at rest the vulgar delusion with regard to the risks of premature interment—and also in favour of the disuse of envelopes for the body which resist the natural processes by which it would otherwise be harmlessly resolved into its elements. He has further demonstrated very clearly the danger of accumulating great masses of decaying animal matter in unsuitable soil, and in the midst of a crowded population, as is the case with more than one of our principal cemeteries. Whether or not a coffin can be devised by which the secure confinement of injurious emanations while the body is in the house can be reconciled with facile natural resolution as soon as it is deposited in the earth, remains to be seen. At present, Mr. Haden's proposal, as far as it has assumed a specific shape, is still in a purely experimental stage; but there can at least be no doubt as to the soundness of his views as to the course which should be followed in regard to actual burial. Nothing can be more certain than that the ordinary processes of nature cannot be safely tampered with; and it would also appear that there is no difficulty, except perhaps that of dealing with vested interests, in the way of securing a fair opportunity for the trial of what may be called the natural system. It has been suggested that Mr. Haden, or some of those who support his case, should endeavour to establish a co-operative society for the purchase of Woking, and whatever other suitable ground may ultimately be required; and this would at least be a step in the right direction. It is doubtful whether there is really any foundation for the plea of some of the Cemetery Companies that it is by their Acts illegal to bury bodies which are not enclosed in stout coffins; but it may be suspected that, even if they permitted this method of interment, it would have little chance of being fairly tested under their control. On the other hand, if private enterprise would show the way, it might lead to results which would encourage the public authorities to take up the subject in a serious manner.

THE PROVED NECESSITY FOR FLOGGING.

THE recent debate on the Bill for punishing violent assaults by flogging may usefully direct attention to the theories and practice which have prevailed in the treatment of criminals during the last hundred years. The condition of prisons a century ago was frightful. An apprentice committed to Bridewell for misconduct was discharged in a state not to be mentioned to polite ears. He died soon afterwards, and his master, being supposed to have criminally neglected him, was tried for manslaughter; but the judges hesitated to punish him for a crime in which the law went shares with him. The gaol fever killed more people than died on the gallows even at a time when the hangman was perpetually busy. The reaction against a system of mingled neglect and severity produced in the early years of this century that curious monument of misplaced tenderness, the Penitentiary, as it used to be called, at Millbank. The records of this establishment have lately been explored by its Deputy Governor, Captain Griffiths, and his *Memorials of Millbank* (Henry S. King and Co.) deserve perusal by any person who is interested in the dreary subject of prison discipline. The managers of the Penitentiary pursued the reformation of criminals by gentle methods, until all discipline became relaxed, the prisoners did as they pleased, the warders were in peril of their lives; and then, most reluctantly, they resorted to flogging, as the only possible deterrent. The history of this experiment may be profitably studied by legislators at the present time.

The Penitentiary cost in building 458,000*l*. Much of this expense was due to the insecure character of the site. The foundations were constantly being doctored, and it was a common saying that "there was more stuff below than above ground at Millbank." It began to receive prisoners in 1816. The Committee of Management was appointed by the Prince Regent in Council under the provisions of an Act of Parliament. The members of this Committee were always in earnest, and spared themselves no pains. Their only fault was over-tenderness to prisoners. Millbank was a huge plaything, a toy for philanthropic gentlemen in their spare hours. They loved to be in and out of the place, and to show it off to their friends, and its situation close to the Houses of Parliament was convenient for this purpose. Parties of ladies came to hear the prisoners perform their religious exercises, and were much edified. The Governor and his officers were kind and considerate, to match the benevolence of the Committee. Of course under this mild government riot was inevitable on the first semblance of a grievance. Dissatisfaction at the introduction of brown bread showed itself on a Sunday morning. The Governor determined to have divine service as usual, but, to provide against what might happen, deposited within his pew three brace of pistols loaded with ball. The Chancellor of the Exchequer arrived with a party of friends to attend the service, and witnessed a disgraceful row. The Committee interfered too much. One member of it admitted that he did everything but sleep at the Penitentiary. They listened to everything that inferior officers had to say, and it is not surprising that under such circumstances the Governor was uncomfortable. Indeed it may almost be said that the head of this establishment was the most miserable member of it. About the

year 1824 Captain Chapman held this difficult post. He was a man of remarkable courage, energy, patience, and gentleness, and the convicts pretty well broke his heart. He would spend hours in "reasoning" with an obstinate scoundrel before sending him to the "dark." This and bread-and-water diet were the only punishments available to maintain discipline. Beyond this there was only the threat of removal to the hulks, and in the hulks prisoners led, according to their own account, "a pretty jolly life." The labour in the dock-yards was light, the food was such as a ploughman would envy, and at night on board the hulks lights were allowed until ten o'clock, and music, songs, dancing, fighting, and gaming were among the amusements of the evening.

A Parliamentary Committee "on Secondary Punishments" painfully inquired into all this, and concluded that life at the hulks was "a state of restriction, but hardly of punishment." In Captain Chapman's time the prisoners in Millbank had a mania for feigning suicide, and the active and kind-hearted Governor was always rushing about with a knife to cut down some pretended victim of despair. "Dancing defiantly the double-shuffle" is mentioned as a favourite freak of insubordination. When sent to the "dark," prisoners sang, shouted, and yelled; and you could do no more than put them in the "dark," nor could you keep them there beyond a certain time. Throughout the long nights of the dreary winter months of 1826 these disturbances continued. It was a time of the utmost anxiety and annoyance to worthy Captain Chapman, who was always foremost in the fray. Nothing could exceed the pluck and energy with which he tackled the most truculent. When a prisoner, mad with rage, dares any man to enter his cell, it is the Governor who enters without a moment's hesitation. When another, armed with a tailor's sleeve-board, threatens to dash out everybody's brains, it is Captain Chapman who secures the weapon. When a body of prisoners on the mill break out into open mutiny, and the warder in charge is in terror for life or limb, it is the Governor who repairs at once to the spot and collars the ringleaders. It would have been better if so much resolute courage had not been tempered with so much kindness of heart. But whether the defect was in the system or the man, it was in this winter that the Committee became convinced that the methods of coercion they possessed were hardly so stringent as the case required. They reported to Parliament that there were among the prisoners some profligate and turbulent characters for whose outrageous conduct the punishments in use in the Penitentiary were insufficient. They had found by experience that confinement in a dark cell, though in most cases a severe and efficacious punishment, operated very differently on different persons. It appeared to lose much of its effect from repetition; it could not always be carried far without danger to health, and on some men as well as boys it had no effect. Many of the ringleaders in recent disturbances had been subjected to twenty-five or even thirty days of uninterrupted imprisonment in the dark, and with little effect. In view of this want of some more effective punishment the Committee expressed a wish for power to flog, which was accordingly conferred on them by Act of Parliament. Soon afterwards a prisoner committed a brutal assault upon an officer and received a hundred lashes. "The lashes were not very severely inflicted, but were sufficient for example." The authorities were extremely sensitive on the subject of corporal punishment of unruly felons, although at this time for purely military offences soldiers commonly received several hundred lashes. We need no further proof of the exceeding mildness of the rule under which Millbank was governed. But from this time began a tightening of the reins. A sort of panic arose in the country at the extraordinary growth of crime between 1817 and 1831. The "secondary punishments" in use were—1, Imprisonment; 2, The Penitentiary; 3, The Hulks; 4, Transportation. The prisons were still dirty and disorderly. There was much vicious indulgence; no attempt at reformation, and not much at punishment. The only thing certain was that a prisoner with any good in him would be corrupted by his companions. Of the Penitentiary and the Hulks we have already spoken. As regards transportation, the Committee already mentioned reported that it held out to the dangerous classes no terror at all. The accounts sent home showed that the situation of the convict was so comfortable, his advancement, if he conducted himself with prudence, so sure, as to produce a strong impression that transportation was rather an advantage than a punishment. It appeared, said the Committee, "to be a principle, in the infliction of punishment, that every regulation connected with it, from the first committal of a prisoner to gaol to the termination of his sentence of transportation, should be characterized rather by an anxious care for the health and convenience of the prisoner than for anything which might even by implication appear to bear on him with undue severity." The country was overpeopled, there was much suffering and privation, and many persons committed crimes, trusting to the uncertainty of the law for escape, and with the knowledge that in the event of conviction their change of condition would not be much for the worse.

About this time the idea prevailed at Millbank of expecting great results from a regular course of religious instruction for the prisoners. The Chaplain had always been influential, but now he was to have the fullest scope. This system culminated when Mr. Nihil combined in himself the offices of Chaplain and Governor. But, like other ideas hastily adopted and carried to extremes in prison discipline, it has led ultimately to disappointment. The prisoners exercised their profane wit in devising interruptions of

the daily services and catechizings. On one occasion the Chaplain said "Let us pray," and a voice audible through the building replied, "No, we have had praying enough." Shortly afterwards half-a-dozen Prayer-books were flung at the Chaplain's head. The women were often more disorderly than the men, and it was even more difficult to punish them effectively. But at this time public feeling inclined towards entrusting the ministers of religion with full powers to preach prisoners out of evil courses into honesty and the right path, and the appointment of Mr. Nihil to be both Chaplain and Governor at Millbank was regarded hopefully. The compiler of these Memorials, speaking probably for himself and other officers experienced in prison discipline, states it as an accepted conclusion of our day that "it is merely a waste of time to endeavour to reform habitual criminals by purely moral and religious means." He quotes the opinion of the Governor of Sing-Sing prison at New York, that "nothing is more rare than to see a criminal of advanced age become a virtuous and religious man." However, Mr. Nihil entered earnestly upon his reformatory work as Governor, but in the spiritual part of it he was badly seconded by his officers. They were mostly men who had served their time in the army, and were fitted neither by habits of mind nor previous training for the task required of them now. Some adopted a language and carriage suitable to the ideas of the Chaplain-Governor, but they did it awkwardly, and they and the prisoners who took the same line were called "the Chaplain's men" or "pantilers." It may perhaps be useful to state that a pantile is a broad-brimmed hat. It was essential to Mr. Nihil's reformatory plan to prevent or check communication among the prisoners, and his improved arrangements for this purpose necessarily resembled, or at least were mistaken by ignorant outsiders for, an approach to the solitary system, which has always been unpopular in England. From this and other causes a strong public feeling grew up against the establishment, and, as might be expected, it found expression in Parliament. From a return moved for in the House of Commons it would appear that one of the complaints urged against the amateur managers was that they did not attend regularly to their duties. But this, if true, would be only human nature. First excessive zeal, then difficulty and disappointment, and then apathy in the work. The Inspector of Prisons reported in 1842 that the system of discipline in this prison was most unsatisfactory. It was neither calculated, he said, to deter from crime nor to contribute to the personal reformation of the prisoner. In another Report by the same officer it was stated that, as a penitentiary, this prison had been an entire failure. In 1843 its character was entirely changed, and it became a place of probation where prisoners sentenced to transportation were to be detained for a few months. The Committee hereupon ceased to exist, and Mr. Nihil resigned. The last Minute of the Committee recognized the earnestness with which the Chaplain-Governor had endeavoured "to render the administration of discipline subservient to the great moral and religious ends of the Penitentiary." The Committee could not have better described the system which had prevailed during the six-and-twenty years of the existence of the Penitentiary, and we can now see that it was ambitious and unpractical. The moral and religious ends were not attained, and the discipline became a farce. The failure of the Committee to maintain even a semblance of order without flogging would not deserve to be dwelt on more than other failures of well-meaning, hasty people, if it were not that the opening of the Penitentiary was celebrated with a grand flourish of literary and oratorical trumpets, as if some wonderful improvement in the moral nature of felons was to be effected there. If we have learned nothing else from the experience of this century, we are at least more modest than we were in our expectations of results from any penal system that can be devised. The only certain thing seems to be that a thief cannot follow his trade in prison.

The sketch given by Captain Griffiths of the origin, progress, and extinction of Australian transportation completes our view of the system of secondary punishments adopted in the first half of the present century. Probably the best way of working transportation was by "assignment" of convicts, except the worst class, to settlers as household, farm, or trade servants. Thus they had opportunity to begin a better life, and many, having saved money in servitude, took farms or shops for themselves, and generally attained competency, while some accumulated large fortunes. The moral condition of a colony thus created was necessarily low, but drinking, concubinage, and cheating by legal methods were at any rate an improvement on felony. But the cost to the mother-country was enormous, and if there were no other difficulty in resuming transportation, it is certain that we should not choose to pay the bill. The "assigned" convicts scattered all over the country needed some system of discipline, and here again recourse to flogging was inevitable. There was no "dark" on an Australian sheep-farm, and if gaols could have been built, the only gaolers must have been convicts, and we know what would have come of setting a thief to keep a thief. The master was not, however, allowed to flog his servant himself, but one or two magistrates, usually his neighbours and sharing his views of convict discipline, could order 150 lashes for a first offence, and the construction of the "cat," and the mode of using it, were left to their discretion. It was complained that some magistrates were too lenient and others too severe, and in 1831 a law was passed called the "Fifty Lashes Act," which provided that a "cat" of uniform pattern should be used. Some magistrates addressed the Governor, Sir Richard Bourke, complaining of this restriction of their power, and he answered by lamenting that the use of the whip should of necessity form so prominent a part of convict discipline in New South Wales; but, "believing it to be

unavoidable, the Governor must rely on the activity and discretion of the magistracy for ensuring its wholesome and sufficient application." We seem to be now in England pretty much where Sir Richard Bourke found himself in Australia in 1831. With a certain class of criminals we believe flogging to be unavoidable. There is nothing else that can be done with them.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

THERE is a story of some keen Sabbatarians in a Scotch village who one Sunday, coming upon a stranger who, in his ignorance of local customs, was looking, as his accusers alleged, "as happy as if it were the middle of the week," indignantly fell upon him, and inflicted such a castigation as imparted to his countenance the degree of ruefulness which they deemed appropriate to the day. It would appear that, if there were any chance of the Act of George III. for "preventing certain abuses and profanations on the Lord's Day, called Sunday," being literally enforced in England, a large part of the population would be made to do penance in a somewhat similar way. It has been authoritatively laid down by the Judges that any kind of amusement on a Sunday which is associated with payment, directly or indirectly, is an offence against the law. No distinction is drawn between one kind of amusement and another, in regard either to its moral influence on those who partake of it, or the amount of labour which may be required in order to carry it on. We are told that it does not in the least matter how mild or innocent the amusement may be. Anything whatever that can be supposed to amuse people—as, for instance, simply walking about in a garden, looking at trees or flowers, animals or pictures, reading the newspapers, listening to a band playing sacred music on a pier-head, smoking a pipe, or merely sitting on a bench in the open air—becomes an offence if there is any charge for entrance to the place where the pleasure is indulged. In reply to a question from the Chief Baron, the Solicitor-General distinctly stated that, apart altogether from any performances, any park or garden would come within the Act if people paid to go in; and it appears to be now admitted by the Home Secretary himself that the law equally applies to the Zoological Gardens, the Horticultural Gardens, and similar places at which, though money may not be taken at the doors on Sunday, yet "persons are admitted by the payment of money or by tickets sold for money" in the form of periodical subscriptions. In any case nothing could be more preposterously unjust than that the upper and middle classes should be allowed to amuse themselves in this manner while, on the pretext of the form of payment, the working classes are precluded from a similar enjoyment; and if the principle of ascetic mortification on Sunday is to be enforced, it must of course be carried out fairly all round.

The Directors of the Brighton Aquarium were compelled by the nature of their defence to disparage as much as possible the attractions of their establishment on Sundays. On week days the performing seal is, as Artemus Ward would say, "a most amusing cuss," but on Sundays he is dull and respectable, and there is no getting a laugh out of him anyhow. And so with all the other features of the exhibition. "The very things that make the Aquarium amusing during the week are dropped on Sunday." There is no band, no singing, no performing seal, no poking up of the octopus. All this, however, had very little effect on the Judges, who held that what people went to the Aquarium for was to see the fish and take refreshments, and that this constituted amusement. It was also made clear that, even if the fish were removed or covered up, and the building used merely as a promenade, the charge for admission would still make it what the Act calls a "disorderly house." All churches and chapels are theoretically free to the public without payment; but it is by no means certain that pew-rents, or the charges which are made for seats at most Roman Catholic places of worship, might not be brought within the meaning of the phrase "payment of money." There might, no doubt, in some cases be a difficulty in proving that sermons come under the head of "amusement or entertainment." The race of apostles of the type of the Rev. Charles Honeyman has, however, by no means died out, and there is more than one proprietary chapel in London which might be named where the preacher, under the pretence of a religious service, amuses his audience by a racy lecture on the sensational topics of the day. People who have got tired of the Psalms of David are tickled by an address on the poems of Byron or Shelley, piquantly flavoured by admixture with the solemn forms of the Church; and it might be plausibly argued that this is more distinctly a form of "entertainment" than throwing open a garden or exhibiting fishes in glass tanks.

However that may be, there can be no doubt that, if the Act were to be strictly applied, it would put a stop to many kinds of quiet and innocent amusement which have not hitherto been supposed to be incompatible with the cherished decorum of Sunday. It is true no doubt that there are public parks and gardens where no payment is exacted, and where, therefore, it is lawful to lie on the grass, and even to look at waterfowl; but everybody does not happen to live near a public park, and in any case it is difficult to see why the mere fact of paying for admission to a garden should make it wicked to walk about and look at the flowers or other natural objects. Nothing can be more absurd than that

the State should expend vast sums in providing places of this kind, where people can enjoy themselves on Sundays as well as week days, while at the same time any private person is liable to severe penalties for placing similar enjoyments within the reach of the public at a small charge. There is no doubt a certain number of bigoted and fanatical persons who would like to see the bitter rigour of the Jewish or Puritanical system enforced in regard to the observance of Sunday; but, in point of fact, these ideas have always been alien to the temper of the great body of the English people. There is happily still an earnest clinging to the old conception of Sunday as a day different from other days, but it is as a day of cheerfulness rather than gloom. Nothing would give a greater shock to the feelings of all classes than any violation of the traditional quiet and decorum which are associated with Sunday, but at the same time people are certainly not prepared for any retrograde restrictions as to the manner of enjoying it. What is desired is that everybody should have the utmost amount of freedom in this respect as long as they do not disturb the comfort or violently offend the sentiments of other people. It is easy to understand that there are various amusements and entertainments which would be improper on such a day; but it does not follow that every form of amusement, however simple and reasonable in itself, should be absolutely prohibited merely because it is associated with payment. It is acknowledged that the company at the Brighton Aquarium are perfectly well behaved. They walk quietly up and down, look at the fishes, partake of tea or beer, or other refreshments, in little parties, and conduct themselves generally with unquestionable propriety. The only difference between the Aquarium and the other public-houses and refreshment-rooms which are open to the public, and which the Act does not touch, is the more ornamental character of the building and the fishes; and nothing more irrational can be conceived than that this difference should be made a ground for shutting up an interesting museum, while the tap-rooms are left freely open. People may drink their beer and look at the sea in bulk as much as they like; but if they attempt to study in detail, and see the fishes close at hand, it is supposed that something dreadful is likely to happen to religion or morality.

Nobody can suppose that such an Act as this would have the slightest chance of being passed in Parliament if it were now brought forward as an original measure; and it is intolerable that, after having been practically obsolete for many years, it should now be left to the malice, the caprice, or fanaticism of any private person to revive it. The Home Secretary himself has admitted as much in promising to remit any fines which may be imposed on places like the Brighton Aquarium; but it may be asked why, if the fines are not to be paid, they should be allowed to be imposed. It cannot be imagined that respect for the law is likely to be promoted by the farce of allowing prosecutions to be raised on the understanding that they are to lead to nothing, as the Home Secretary is to step in at the last moment and stay execution. Indeed, the more the proposal of the Home Secretary is considered, the more extraordinary it seems. It is clearly not desirable that persons with extreme views as to the observance of Sunday should be tempted to take advantage of the law in order to agitate their peculiar views; and, on the other hand, it is unfair that places of amusement which are admitted to be innocent and harmless should be branded by an opprobrious name, and their proprietors exposed to annoying law-suits which are necessarily costly, whatever may be the final result. In order to remove all doubt as to his power to remit the fines under this Act, the Home Secretary has found that it is necessary to introduce a Bill to that effect; but while he is about it he might just as easily propose a clause requiring the assent of the Law Officers of the Crown as an indispensable preliminary to a prosecution. In this way the general principle of the Act would be maintained, while at the same time its enforcement would be left at the discretion of a responsible authority which is naturally sensitive to public opinion, and not at all likely to be led into foolish attacks on social freedom. If in any case the Government thought it necessary to direct a prosecution, there would be a strong presumption that it was really required in the interest of morality or public order. It is obvious from every point of view that an Act of this kind cannot possibly be maintained, and the sooner it is brought into accordance with common sense and popular usage the better. What all sensible people desire is that matters should be kept as nearly as possible as they are at present; but the revival of an old Act, which was practically dead and forgotten, is tantamount to the enactment of a new one now that it has been reinstated by an actual decision of the Courts. The only result of attempting to push on a policy of this kind will be to provoke an agitation on the other side, and to open up a variety of questions which it would be wise to let alone. Any general revision of the law on the subject is of course out of the question during the present Session, and it may be doubted whether it might not be advantageously postponed till something occurs to show that it is really necessary; but if the Government would only take the working of the Act of George III. into their own hands, as they have taken that of the Act of Charles II. in reference to a kindred subject, that would be enough to allay public anxiety, at any rate for the present.

MOODY AND SANKEY AT ETON.

IT appears that Messrs. Moody and Sankey are anxious before they quit the country to have another grand *coup*, and that Eton has been selected as the scene of a new experiment in sensational conversion. It is proposed that a tent should be erected in or near the grounds of the College, and that the Revivalists should there operate upon the pupils. Incredible as it may seem—and we hope it may turn out that there is some misapprehension on this point—the Provost and Head-Master are said to have so far given their countenance to this enterprise as to say that any boys who wish to attend the meetings may have leave to do so. Some of the tutors, who see more clearly the possible danger of the disturbing influences to which the lads will be exposed, have protested against the scheme; but of course they can do nothing more than make their opinions known. It may be said that the sort of assent given by the chief authorities does not necessarily imply that they wish the pupils to attend the services, but only that they do not think themselves entitled to pass an interdict upon them. It seems to us that this is entirely a false view of their position. The authorities of such an institution naturally stand to the young people under them in the relation of parents to children; and the actual parents certainly look to them to exercise a judicious supervision over their charges in this spirit. Every one is of course entitled to form his own estimate of the tendency of these Revival services; and there are no doubt some who honestly believe that they are calculated to do good. There is, however, much difference of opinion on the subject, and the question which the authorities of Eton have to ask themselves is whether they, as representing the parents of the boys, can honestly believe that they are carrying out the desires of the parents in allowing this kind of religious excitement to be introduced into the school. It is impossible to imagine that gentlemen send their sons to Eton in order that they may be preached to by ignorant and illiterate ranters. A large proportion of the officials and masters of Eton are clergymen, and it must be supposed that the provision made for the religious training of the pupils has hitherto been deemed adequate to the purpose. It is obvious that to bring in men of the stamp of Messrs. Moody and Sankey as a necessary supplement to the organization of the school is simply to admit that the existing arrangements are radically faulty, and that those who are responsible for the spiritual welfare of the community are not up to their work. It is impossible to imagine any form of teaching more utterly inconsistent with the principles and traditions of such a place as Eton than that which is practised by the American revivalists. It is essentially a protest against the whole theory and spirit of a society in which learning and culture and a certain elevation and refinement of mind are intended to be cherished. It may be believed that there are audiences to which Mr. Moody's coarse and ignorant rhapsodies may be addressed with possible advantage, for the simple reason that the language in which they are couched and the style of the illustrations are brought down to the level of the densest and most illiterate class, who can only be stimulated by violent appeals and sensational anecdotes. It cannot be supposed, however, that the intellectual condition of the sons of gentlemen at Eton is quite as dark and hopeless as this, and that they are unable to appreciate the noble and simple beauty of the Scriptures in the ordinary translation, or the commentaries of an educated preacher who is both a scholar and divine. Any one who has listened to Mr. Moody must have observed that, apart from the general degradation of his literary style, and the grotesque familiarity of treatment which he applies to sacred subjects, he is grossly ignorant of the meaning of many of the texts which he quotes.

On the ground alone of the essential antagonism which must exist between such a school of thought (if it can be so called) as that which Mr. Moody represents and the manners and ideas which may be expected to be cultivated at Eton, the pupils ought to be protected from so offensive an intrusion. It is known that boys at public schools usually display a remarkable aptitude for the acquisition, and even invention, of slang; but it has not hitherto been deemed necessary that this taste should be cultivated as part of an educational system under the patronage of the Provost and Head-Master. It is easy to conceive the horror with which these grave and reverend seignors would listen to the introduction by any of their pupils in class of the style of speech and narrative with which the boys who go to the Revival exercises will be familiarized; and yet there can be little doubt as to the effect of such an exhibition on a particularly imitative class. There is, however, a still stronger reason why these services are peculiarly objectionable in such a case; and that is the dangerous influence of violent spiritual stimulants on immature and sensitive minds. There is nothing so important to the young as to acquire habits of sober thought and calm reflection, and Mr. Moody's teaching is expressly intended to weaken and destroy this state of mind, and to glorify a blind, spasmodic emotionalism. It is probable that, as far as the majority of the boys are concerned, the effect of the services would be mainly to encourage an irreverent vulgarity in reference to solemn subjects, and to add to the stock of local slang. In some cases, however, a spirit of scoffing and contempt would be apt to be engendered, and there can be very little doubt that in other cases the excitement might produce a painful mental disturbance. Of course those who believe in the utility of the services will not admit that these results are to be expected, and this may be the opinion of the heads of

Eton. What we want to point out, however, is that the authorities have no right to act upon their private judgment in such a case. Eton has hitherto been conducted on a well-understood and consistent plan, in which anything in the nature of Methodist ranting has certainly found no place; and the reason why people send their boys there is because the tendency of the system is supposed to be to make them, if not always thorough scholars, at least manly, high-minded young men, with a cultivated intelligence, and a healthy contempt for all kinds of cant and morbid sentimentality. Before there is any change in this system the parents ought at least to have fair warning. As it is, the conduct of the authorities appears to resemble very closely that of the physicians of a hospital who turn their patients over to a quack in the street.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VI.

THE portraits this year are not so obnoxious as heretofore. They are on a smaller scale, and obtrude themselves less prominently. We never object to portraits when fairly good; they serve to give a personal interest to a Gallery. In the faces which look out from the walls with a semblance of life we read the characters of the men and the women of the time. What we find a difficulty in tolerating are the pictorial tributes, usually in the worst of taste, paid to small provincial celebrities, to metropolitan magnates, or it may be to the members of some County Hunt, horses, dogs, and whipper-in included. The Catalogue of the Academy has indeed degenerated into a kind of advertising sheet. It has long served as a medium for the publication of extracts from deservedly unknown poets; but now in the matter of portraits it becomes a sort of annual register or village chronicle in which may be read elaborate tributes to personal vanity. As might be anticipated, the worst wares are puffed off most prominently; thus to the portrait of Mr. Joseph Walker Pease (255), painted by Sir Francis Grant, are appended the words "Presented to him by his friends in Hull and neighbourhood in recognition of the great services rendered by him to the Conservative cause." Again the President is the favoured instrument by which Mrs. Dodson comes into possession of her husband's portrait (370), presented "in recognition of his assiduous and distinguished services in four successive Parliaments." Like examples might be multiplied to weariness, but we prefer, as a favourable contrast, to quote some few portraits which, in point of art as well as from the recognized position of the sitters, need no puff. Take the following entries:—"Charles Darwin, Esq., F.R.A." (155), by Mr. Oulless; "Robert Browning" (90), by Mr. Lehmann; and "The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P." (183), by Mr. Wells, R.A. It is a little difficult to determine the best portraits of the year, the merits being diverse; it may be more easy to name the worst. Among the latter very conspicuously stands in the Lecture Room the half-length of "The late Lord George Manners" (904), by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. The portrait is so dead-alive as to suggest the possibility of its being posthumous; evidently the figure has fallen to pieces; there is no articulation of form or animation of life beneath the drapery and armour. Also among the very worst we rank "A Portrait" (179), by Mr. Thorburn, A.R.A.; "Lady Hermione Duncombe" (1172), by Mr. Buckner; and "Madame Lind Goldschmidt and Daughter" (46), by Miss S. Ribbing; to which must be added sundry royal heads exhibited "by command." The injury done to English art by ill-judged patronage is calamitous.

Mr. Millais, R.A., again abuses his acknowledged genius; his portraits are daring and dashing; they manifest what in trade is known as "the economy of manufacture." "Miss Eveleen Tennant" (222) is singularly opaque and plastered, while "Eveline, daughter of Evans Lees, Esq." (289) appears unwashed, especially in the bare legs and feet; the eyes of the poor child, who is seated almost like a pauper by the wayside, have urgent need of an oculist. We are bound to say that, in an experience pretty widely extended over Galleries ancient and modern, we have never seen a pair of eyes, not to speak of other features, so utterly careless in the drawing. Mr. Millais, deservedly a chief leader in the English school, is under grave responsibilities to young and rising men, who, emulous of a great success, naturally wish to learn some rapid way of climbing up a ladder.

Portrait-painting, though it has been pursued within the Royal Academy for more than a century with considerable commercial success, inclines at this moment to decadence. Yet we have gladly commended in this and previous articles several noteworthy exceptions to the low average; other efforts also deserve to be singled out. We must especially mention Mr. Richmond's "Sir Moses Montefiore" (290), a portrait admirable in the modelling of a finely expressive head, in the responsive attitude of the hands, and in the quiet pose of the head and figure. We have seldom seen so mature a work; the balanced relations of colour, light, and shade, and the subordination of the parts to the whole, are little short of faultless. Mr. Richmond's portraits in oil have of late tended to ruddiness and crudity, but the masterpiece now produced is in its neutral tones allied to the inimitable studies in black and white of former years. We may just mention that this portrait when first hung was protected by glass, like the most precious and precarious pictures in the National Gallery. We happened to be present when the glass was carried away by carpenters; glass before oil pictures

is properly disallowed by the Academy, and we are glad that Mr. Richmond has surrendered a point on which he previously insisted. Mr. Watts, whose Titianesque style has often fallen under comment, takes intellectual grasp of the acute features of "Sir Edward Sabine" (188), and Mr. Oules writes antiquity on the wrinkled brow of Mr. Charles Darwin (155). Mr. Oules, with whom may be ranked Mr. Cameron (see 149), is strong in naturalism; he relies on texture; in style he is akin to Rembrandt and Caravaggio. Whatever may be his merits—and they are not small—he is at all events devoid of imagination, and but scantily supplied with the sense of colour. Mr. Leighton, R.A., treats the eye to lustrous tones, after the manner of Giorgione, in the portrait of Mrs. H. E. Gordon (307). Mr. Sandys has not improved since his famous picture of Mrs. Rose; waxy and crude, white yet hectic, is the highly elaborated head of "Mrs. Brand" (1212). We cannot thank Mr. Fildes for his milkmaid "Betty" (1221); types of common nature, especially when on the scale of life, need to be redeemed by art.

Among the interesting developments in modern times which bring some compensation for many losses, is the close compact which has grown up between figure-painting and landscape-painting. In past centuries figures were all in all; and then in more recent days came landscapes pure and simple, without the intrusion of a single human being to break the silence and the solitude of nature. But within our immediate experience a compromise has been come to; there now appear landscapes which are no longer content to make by their grandeur or their beauty an exclusive appeal to the spectator standing without the picture; they seek for human companionship, and are willing to give signs that the earth is populated. The time has been when art, echoing the sentiment of the poet, gave ocular expression to the thought "God made the country and man made the town"; but as a matter of fact no town is without its trees, and no country without its chimneys. And just as with the increase of the world's inhabitants fresh relations have sprung up between nature and man, so do we find in our art new reciprocities between landscape and figure. Mr. Hook, R.A., starting as a figure-painter, and then sliding into landscape, led the way to a mutual accommodation. The technical principle—followed further by others—is simply to impart to the figures a picturesqueness of form with a broken colour, while the landscape is made to assume a symmetry in proportion suited to figures, and approaching sometimes in the rocks to sculptural forms. And so complete is the oneness obtained that sometimes we could almost imagine that fishermen, rocks, and boats were originally made out of one and the same raw material. Mr. Hook this year almost surpasses his former self, and yet it may be objected that he builds up his compositions on a basis physically false. For example, in "The Land of Cuyyp" (308) the figures gain undue, though not disagreeable, prominence by being on a scale in excess of the surroundings; while it may fairly be objected to another effective composition, "Hearts of Oak" (47), that the family of fishers are giants, while the boat is of the toy dimensions of a child's nursery. Mr. Boughton, according to his custom, attains absolute concord between figures and landscape accessories in "The Bearers of the Burden" (101). There might seem to be a danger of finality in such finely attuned art; but we are satisfied, after the inspection of numerous and careful studies recently exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, that this artist holds in reserve materials practically inexhaustible. In the same category stands Mr. F. Morgan, by virtue of "The Emigrant's Departure" (1168). We must also mention for commendation "The Gleaner's Harvest" (19), by Mr. J. D. Watson; "The Mowers" (1192), by Mr. P. R. Morris; "The Votive Offering" (431), by Mr. Hennessy; and "Waiting for the Herring Boats" (850), by Mr. Israels. But the most artistic picture of the kind is "The Right of Way" (25), by Mr. Frederick Walker. A silent, silvery stream, with a narrow foot-path at its side, wends its way through meadows of golden green jewelled with flowers. A flock of sheep presenting a firm front challenge wayfarers to "the right of way." The colour is lovely, the composition of lines is studious, and yet the whole scene wears the simple truth of a page taken from the book of nature. Since the above tribute was penned, we have heard with much regret of the death—somewhat unexpected—of the painter. Frederick Walker, A.R.A., had a short and exceptional, though singularly brilliant, career. In comparative youth his genius carried all before it; his fellow-artists, the severest of critics, gave him in rapid succession his credentials within the Old Water Colour Society and the Royal Academy. But the breakdown of a physical frame which was always frail has suddenly arrested a progress which gave promise of unfamiliar phases in our contemporary art. Frederick Walker lived long enough to gain followers, and almost to form a school.

The landscapes are by common consent of unusual worth, and for once, for a wonder, they have not been treated with ignominy. Some of the most conspicuous, though far from the best, illustrate a thought to which Sir Bulwer Lytton gave expression in one of his latest essays, when he laid it down as almost axiomatic that the love for nature, increasing with the mind's general culture from year to year, becomes at length the solace of age. The suggestion gains confirmation in the contributions of Mr. Cope, R.A., Mr. Redgrave, R.A., Mr. Thorburn, A.R.A., and Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A. And yet we cannot but think it a pity that such pledges of a passion for nature should not be reserved within the retirement of a portfolio for the privileged and appreciating few. Mr. Linnell, the octogenarian, shows no loss of power (314); Mr. Vicat

Cole, A.R.A., on the contrary, with uncertainty of hand, makes a sad muddle of the glorious view from "Richmond Hill" (237); Mr. Millais, R.A., in "The Fringe of the Moor" (74), shows his accustomed *savoir faire*; he determines what to do, and does it deliberately and desperately; trees are content to grow as he sees fit, and the sun at his bidding shines over the wide expanse of undulating moorland. Other painters have more delicacy and subtlety, but none realize greater breadth and brilliancy with so slight a cost of labour or of thought.

Scotch landscapes, made up of mountains and mists, spates, pine-trees, and cattle, are not at their best this year. Mr. Peter Graham does not improve; "Crossing the Moor" (81) is as woolly as worsted-work; the artist is better in his ideas than in his details; he stands in need of close studies made on the spot. Also wanting in study is a vague, chaotic scene by Mr. MacWhirter answering to the words "Land of the Mountain and the Flood" (503). Black, cold, and hard as cast iron is Mr. Docharty's "Gaffing a Salmon" (860). By far the finest Scotch landscape comes from Mr. Smart, of Edinburgh. "The Crafter's Moss" (489) is grand in shadow, articulate in mountain form, and atmospheric in moving cloudland. Grandeur as distinguished from beauty, gloom and sorrow as contrasted with brightness and joy, are the characteristics of this scenery of the North.

Landscape art has in recent years—consequent in great measure on the brilliant example of Turner—received a wondrous accession of light, and it may not be altogether fanciful to draw an analogy between this modern manifestation and a well-known development in architecture. In the first beginnings buildings were cavernous and shadowy, but with the advance in structural skill interiors exchanged the gloom of twilight for the sunshine of the day. Landscape-painting has passed through a like transformation. In Mr. Brett's "Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands" (497) the effort has been made to paint actual sunlight sparkling on a summer sky and sea. The effect is very lovely; and in such hazardous attempts we recognize in some measure the reversal of the long-recognized principle that the highest light casts the deepest shade. The supposed law applies to interiors, especially when illuminated artificially; but in the open air sunshine may be so superabundant as to bring reflected lights and colours into grey nooks and corners. This is especially the case in Italy and other Southern climates. These exquisite phenomena are transcribed sensitively and sympathetically by artists who each year gain in ardour and in knowledge. Foremost among them may be placed Mr. Alfred Hunt, in a scene brimful of sunshine and of colour, "Summer Days for Me" (1199). And that highly wrought colour is not destructive of delicacy and detail in drawing we have a pleasing proof in Mr. Raven's "Quarries of Holme Ground" (231). This work is a consummate art product. In the same choice category may be included "Summer Time, South Devon" (546), by Mr. T. Lloyd; "Rushy Point, Tresca, Scilly" (402), by Mr. A. C. Sealy; and "Coral Boat at Dawn, Bay of Naples" (832), by Mr. E. Binyon.

Marine painting has greatly fallen off since the intrusion of steam-power and screw-propellers. Nothing less than a monstrosity and horror is the turret-ship "Devastation" (232), as painted by Mr. Cooke, R.A., "On the Occasion of the Naval Review in honour of the Shah of Persia." The colour is needlessly obnoxious; blue, black, and white are in direct crudity. For fury of fierce winds and wild waters nothing surpasses the wreck ashore, "Outside the Harbour" (1176), by Mr. Henry Moore. The artist, who often stops short at the early stage of a sketch, here reaches more than usual completion; but the colour is a chilly negation. Mr. Hunter, on the contrary, rejoices in emerald greens lit by golden sun in a boat speeding her way through a sparkling sea (837).

Animal-painting scarcely survives the death of Sir Edwin Landseer. "The Fallen Lamb" (413), by Mr. Charles Landseer, R.A., is absolutely childish; and very infirm and formless are sundry sheep and goats severally painted on canvas, or rather cut out in cardboard, by Mr. Cooper, R.A. and Mr. Ansdell, R.A. Mr. B. Rivière again dotes on horrors. The sensational death of a dog—"The Last of the Garrison" (626)—might almost fall under the censure of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. Two small hunting scenes (379 and 457), by Mr. W. H. Hopkins, are good in action and firm in drawing. But the best picture of animals combined with landscape and figures (118) we owe to the German Herr Otto Weber. "Flowers, Fruits, and Vases" (1222), by M. Robie, are also of exceptional merit in point of quality and execution. Foreigners this year appear few and far between, the reason in part being the growing impression that English artists, when the space is limited, have a right to the first chance.

THE OPERAS.

SOME late events at the opera have been of unusual interest, inasmuch as in *Semiramide* has been given perhaps the most perfect example of the pure Italian school; while the *Freischütz*, even according to Herr Wagner's warmest partisans, represents the beginning of that tone of musical thought which has found, according to some a fuller, according to others a more extravagant, development in *Lohengrin*. The performance of *Semiramide* at Drury Lane was exceptionally good. The playing of the overture was admirable throughout, and the delicacy of the violin passages was especially remarkable; and the chorus seemed in great measure

have recovered from the raggedness which for some time discoloured the performances at this house. The character of the scene gives Mlle. Titiens a fine opportunity for the exercise of her grand command of gesture and power of tragic expression. These qualities are especially displayed in the imposing effect of her first appearance, the intense excitement which sustains her while the ghost is present, the reaction of faintness following his appearance, and expressed both in the singing and acting of *Io manco, io moro*, and the scorn of Assur conveyed in the first duet of the third act. Arsace is one of the few parts written for a contralto voice which have an important share in the dramatic action of an opera. It is true that Mme. Trebelli makes very part which she fills important; but in *Semiramide* she is more constantly on the stage than in other operas; and here her beauty of her voice and method, and the force of her acting, are seen to unusual advantage. From much that is excellent one may single out the dramatic singing of the first recitative and the hopeless sorrow conveyed in the air "*In se barbara*." It is curious to observe the fine effect produced in two duets expressing a like emotion by the different methods of Mme. Trebelli and Mlle. Titiens. The scorn and hatred which Mlle. Titiens interprets with a slow, stately gesture and one powerful facial expression is represented by Mme. Trebelli in a succession of rapid and impulsive movements, accompanied by a varying play of countenance. The Assur of Signor Rota has received rather more praise than we think it deserves; for, although he sings the music with correctness and some fluency, neither his acting nor his singing conveys any distinct idea of the character. There is a want of freedom in his gesture, which seems never to reach the point at which it aims. His costume suggests a striking resemblance to the knave of spades. The fine voice and good delivery of Herr Behrens tell well throughout the part of Oro, and especially in the concerted music, though one could wish that his intonation were more certain; and the excellence of Signor Costa's style does more than is generally done for the two impressive recitatives of the ghost. Negligence or incompetence too often disfigures the performance of Idreno, a small but not unimportant part; of neither of these faults can Signor Rinaldini be accused. The stage management of the opera might be greatly improved in one point. The spectacle of people wandering hopelessly about after each other in what is in the last scene supposed to be darkness becomes ludicrous from the amount of light upon the stage; and the situation is rendered more absurd by the curtailment of the explanation which, in the original libretto, is given at the conclusion of the scene.

At Covent Garden Mme. Patti has resumed her part in *Don Giovanni* with her accustomed dexterity of voice and movement; and Mlle. Thalberg, who was the Zerlina in Mme. Patti's absence, has made her first appearance as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She sings the music correctly and steadily, and it is not easy music to sing; but her performance shows a want of meaning which it is to be hoped increased experience may bring. In the rendering of *Der Freischütz* at this house Mlle. D'Angeri's Agatha, though it would be better for some touch of real passion, is a good piece of singing and acting. M. Faure's Caspar is admirable for the grim recklessness of the drinking song in the first act and the desperate joy of the triumphant scene upon which the curtain falls. His acting during the incantation invests the mimic horrors of the stage with a reality which is the more surprising when one considers how ill the scene is managed. There is a mixture of terror and of courage which rises to suppress it, increasing with the casting of every bullet up to the fatal seventh, expressed in every look and gesture of the singer, who in the last act of the opera gives a death scene which is powerful and impressive without any trace of repulsion. M. Faure's singing is no less admirable than his acting, but it is unfortunate that even he cannot make himself always heard through the din of the orchestra, the exaggerated noise of which has increased to such an extent that it is constantly difficult to hear the vocal music over that which, designed as an accompaniment, is gradually pushing the thing to be accompanied out of hearing.

This is one of the few things to which exception can be taken in the performance of *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane, which has given to the English public an opportunity of hearing an opera of Wagner's as it should be heard. The story of *Lohengrin* was told at length upon the occasion of its first production at Covent Garden, when a doubt was expressed whether the many beauties of the work would be found to outweigh the dreariness and monotony which oppress some parts of it. The excisions at Drury Lane have been judiciously and skilfully managed, especially in the case of the wearisome scene between Friedrich and Ortrud in the second act. But with such an Ortrud as Mlle. Titiens it would be possible, not only to endure, but to admire, more of the scene than is given. Only a great performer could succeed in making one wish to see and hear more of so disagreeable a character as Ortrud; and this is effected by the singing and acting of Mlle. Titiens. One especially fine touch is discovered in her acting in the first scene, when Lohengrin binds Elsa never to ask whence he came or what he is; here, by one look and gesture, Mlle. Titiens conveys the first suggestion to Ortrud's mind of the villainy which she afterwards carries out. More obvious than this, but no less full of force and of concentrated passion, is the gesture of hatred and defiance with which she follows Elsa into the house during the second act. That Signor Galassi, who plays Friedrich, should sing the music well and steadily might have been expected from his previous achievements, but one

was hardly prepared for the dramatic strength which he brings to the part, which requires, it is true, little beyond a rude vigour in the interpretation. That however does not detract from the merit of Signor Galassi's performance. It is rather hard upon the singer that the combat between Friedrich and Lohengrin should not be arranged with any aspect of reality. As it is at present managed, Lohengrin strikes a few blows at Friedrich's sword and shield, and then brings him to the earth merely by the weight given to his own shield. To some this may convey a poetical notion of a mystic power attached to the shield which bears the swan for its device, but to the general it must look like an ill-managed stage fight. Besides, if Lohengrin could rely upon supernatural assistance to bear down his foes, there would be no particular glory owing to him for vanquishing them. In other points the stage effect of the combat is excellent; not a little of its merit is due to the dignified presence and movement of Herr Behrens, whose Henry the Fowler is probably the best thing which he has done. His fine voice is well suited to the music of the character, and his intonation is far more correct in this part than in some others. The Lohengrin of Signor Campanini is a performance of unusual merit. The singer seems to have recovered the tenor quality of his voice, which at one time disappeared; and even were there less attraction in the voice, it would be a pleasure to listen to a tenor who can sing steadily and feelingly through such a part as Lohengrin with hardly a tremulous note. There is no more mistaken belief than that a quavering delivery gives an appearance of strength to a voice whose natural force is overtaxed; and the many singers who apparently hold this belief might learn a useful lesson from Signor Campanini. There is one point in Signor Campanini's singing of the part to which one is disposed to object; and that occurs in the last act, when he answers Elsa's prayer that he will confide to her his secret by the assurance that there is no cloud upon his life. A fine effect which might be made by working up to a climax upon the words, "*Non vengo io già da lungo abbiotto, fra gioia vissi e fra splendor*" is here missed by the singer. But he seems to have caught accurately the composer's spirit in his conception of the part, as well in his singing as in his chivalrous bearing and spirited acting. The Elsa of Mme. Nilsson is full of passion and poetry. From her first sorrowful appearance through every varying emotion of the part to the despairing fall upon which the curtain descends, she convinces the listener of the reality of what is passing before him. There is a wonderful abstraction expressed in her voice and look in the passage wherein she relates her dream of the knight who is to come as her champion; and there is a most moving truth in the anxiety with which she waits after the herald has called upon her knight to declare himself. As the prodigy which sails down the river is gradually seen by the crowd around, and they give expression to their excitement, she is filled with a mixture of hope and doubt which gives the more force to the burst of joy with which, when she dares to look up, she welcomes the realization of her vision. There is a singular delicacy in the singing of "*Aurette a cui si spesso*," every note of which seems full of Elsa's half-timid happiness; and the changing moods of delight and grief in the last act, as Gottfried reappears and Lohengrin vanishes, are rendered with a rare force and truth.

Signor Costa, in the part of the Herald, is remarkable, not only for the steadiness of his singing, but also for the meaning with which he gives the music, and acts a character whose province of standing still and declaiming is one by no means easily filled. The intonation of the chorus is not always certain; it would be indeed marvellous if it were; and one should rather admire the general steadiness of their singing than find fault with their occasional errors. Altogether, the performance of *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane is as fine a thing as one could hope to see.

RACING AT ASCOT.

WE referred briefly last week to the Royal Hunt Cup and to the victory of Thuringian Prince, which could not have been more easily accomplished. There were twenty runners for this attractive race, and Lowlander was of course honoured with the top weight. Thorn and Spectator had also quite sufficient to carry, nor was Lady Patricia particularly favoured. Thuringian Prince and Whitebait were leniently treated for four-year-olds, the latter especially so. The remainder of the field included Lady Rosebery, Daniel, Grey Palmer, Moorlands, and the Irish steeple-chaser Clonave, a fine-looking horse, but altogether out of his element in a race of this description. Some false starts are looked for as a matter of course in Hunt Cup and Stewards' Cup races, but they only numbered five or six on this occasion, in every one of which Grey Palmer was more or less conspicuous. When the flag fell, twenty minutes after the appointed time, Clonave, who had evidently been well schooled in the starting business, jumped off, but was very soon compelled to beat a retreat. The race, as has often been the case, and as was the case last year when Lowlander won, was virtually a gift to one after a quarter of the distance had been traversed. When once Thuringian Prince was let out, half the field gave up the unequal struggle. Both Lowlander and Thorn took a feeler at the leader, but were immediately eased when it was found they had no chance of catching him. In fact, the half-brother to Prince Charlie was never seriously challenged, and passed the winning post at his leisure. Whitebait and Lady Patricia, who fought out a close battle for second honours, only

obtained the notice of the judge on sufferance. Lowlander was undoubtedly second best in the race, and, with Thuringian Prince out of the way, would have repeated his victory of last year; while it is probable that Thorn could have made a good struggle for the third place. Those who took note of Lowlander's running in the Hunt Cup profited by it later in the week, and the Ascot course seems to agree wonderfully with the son of Dalesman, whose public form declined rapidly last year after his three victories at the Royal Meeting. It must have been rather tantalizing to the supporters of Lowlander to know that the starting of Thuringian Prince for the Hunt Cup was in doubt almost up to the last moment; and perhaps they would have been better pleased had the final decision been adverse to his running.

There was very fair general sport on the Hunt Cup day. Lilian, the untired, was again brought out for a two-mile race, and, with 9st. 8lbs. on her back, was winning the Visitors' Plate easily from a moderate field—so easily, in fact, that she was unfortunately indulged just at the finish, and was only recovered in time to allow her to make a dead heat with Beau Brummell. It was not thought worth while to give the gallant old mare the trouble of performing so long a journey over again; so Beau Brummell walked over, and the stakes, such as they were, were divided. But it was hard luck for Lilian to lose the Ascot Stakes through (as it appeared to us) not being brought to the front soon enough, and the Visitors' Plate through being pulled up too soon; and, later in the week, she had to do some still harder work without even a chance of winning. The rich Coronation Stakes were contested by a very poor field, of which Regalade would have been by far the best had she been in her last year's form; but, as she has been altogether amiss for some time past, she could make no fight against Maud Victoria, who also had an allowance of 7 lbs. Lord Falmouth's ill-luck stuck to him in the succeeding race, his much-fancied Fame being beaten by Correggio, a son of Macaroni and Necklace, who only won, however, after a very close struggle with one of Mr. Savile's home-bred two-year-olds. A still greater disappointment was in store for Lord Falmouth in the Ascot Derby, for which Spinaway was cleverly beaten by Gilbert, Earl of Dartrey (with 10 lbs. extra) finishing behind the pair. So complete an upset of public form goes a good way to prove the moderate quality of the three-year-olds, who really do not run two weeks alike. But Gilbert, who was one of the high-priced yearlings of 1873, has never yet been thoroughly trained, and may be only just beginning to show his real quality. He is a great, powerful horse, but he was beaten so far in the Derby that no one expected to see him overthrow the Oaks winner a fortnight later, especially as Spinaway was regarded as quite up to the average of Oaks heroines, and would have been backed heavily against the Derby winner had Galopin been among her opponents at Ascot. He was entered for the Ascot Derby, but was reserved for the Fernhill, which followed immediately after that race. The Fernhill was one of the events of the week, for Galopin had to give 29 lbs. to such flyers as Coronella and Bella over a course which is peculiarly acceptable to two-year-olds. He was quite equal to the emergency, and had the hitherto unbeaten Coronella at his mercy at the end of the first hundred yards. He romped up the hill in the same style as last year, while Coronella had to yield second honours to Bella.

The second day's sport was wound up by a fair race between Balfie and Camballo over the old mile, in which Prince Soltykoff's horse proved the winner. It was evident, however, that Camballo was far from being himself, and after his journey to and from Paris he might surely have been allowed some respite from work. The horse has been amiss for nearly a month, and if he is ever to show in public again in the condition he exhibited on the Two Thousand day, he must be indulged with a rest. Then he may be a formidable opponent to the best of them when September comes and all Yorkshire assembles on Doncaster moor. We may add that, though Balfie won this race, he had not very much to spare, albeit he was contending against a fagged and jaded opponent. Nor did he exhibit greater willingness on the following morning when he had to meet Ladylove on the same course; and though he beat her at the end by three parts of a length, he would have been better pleased to finish second. Seymour was a bad third to Ladylove and Balfie, the Derby running being thus once more reversed; but we suppose we must give him the benefit of the excuse that the long journey after the Grand Prix had unsettled him. For the Windsor Limited Handicap three of the Hunt Cup horses—Lowlander, Lady Patricia, and Whitebait—were opposed by Modena, Miss Toto, and Trappist. The judgment of those who believed Lowlander second best in the Hunt Cup was abundantly confirmed by his hollow victory over the horses placed second and third in that race; even though in the Windsor Handicap he was meeting Whitebait and Lady Patricia on somewhat better terms, the difference was not enough to have any material effect on the issue of the race. He won in the same style as last year, and that is the same as saying that he won as perhaps no other horse in England, under equal weight, except Prince Charlie, could have won. Thirteen started for the New Stakes, but there was no Galopin among them, and Coltness, who, with Pulcherrima, surpassed most of them in point of condition, was returned a clever winner.

Then came the Gold Cup, and two Englishmen and two Frenchmen sent representatives to contest for this coveted trophy. Mr. Merry ran Doncaster and Lord Ailesbury Aventurière; while Nougat and Peut-Etre ran for Count de Lagrange, and Montargis for Count de Juigne. Doncaster was quite the king of the com-

pany, and, not having been overworked during his racing career, he is perfectly sound. Being a fresh horse also, it was expected that he would have a considerable advantage over horses that had already done a large amount of work this season. Aventurière, indeed, looked wonderfully well and wiry, but she is not of the same class as Doncaster. Nougat was suffering from the same cause as Perle and Camballo—namely, fatigue from long journeys—Montargis has seen his best day, and Peut-Etre, who was started to make the running for her stable-companion, is a horse inclined to blossom in autumn, just as Lowlander blossoms in summer. The race was the commonest canter for Mr. Merry's horse that could be conceived, not one of his four opponents having a chance against him when he was once let out, while Aventurière beat the foreign division fairly enough. The discomfiture of Nougat had of course the effect of modifying the extravagant estimate that had been formed of the merits of Salvator. What poor mediocrities the three-year-olds must be, both French and English, when the second in the French Derby and Grand Prix cannot get within hail of a good five-year-old! It may be that the three-year-olds, with the exception of Galopin, are not very brilliant; but then it must be remembered that Salvator will have no five-year-olds to meet in the St. Leger, and therefore, even if he is only the best of a moderate lot, that will be about sufficient. The Thursday in Ascot week was unusually rich in good things, for, after the Cup had been worthily won by one of the last of the Stockwells, Lowlander came out again in the All-Aged Stakes, and disposed of Tangible, Basnas, and Horse Chestnut—not a bad trio on the T.Y.C.—with most ridiculous ease. The performance was the more remarkable inasmuch as two days before Tangible had given proof of being in excellent form by his easy defeat of Charon, Ecossais, and a large field in the Queen's Stand Plate. The Thirteenth Biennial fell to Chaplet, and then Bay of Naples, after running a dead heat with Craig Millar, beat Mr. Crawford's horse for the St. James's Palace Stakes in the deciding heat. Garterly Bell, who was third and last, gave additional proof that Lord Falmouth's horses were utterly out of form, and Craig Millar surprised every one by making so close a fight with Bay of Naples. In the deciding heat, when Mr. Cartwright's horse made the running as hard as he could go, Craig Millar was very soon out of the race.

The last day's racing hardly sustained the reputation of the meeting, but after the excellent sport on the three preceding days, it would be unfair to complain of any slight falling off towards the end. Ladylove at last broke the spell which had hung over Lord Falmouth's horses, and won a small race from a solitary opponent, Markover; F. Archer, the backers of whose mounts must have had a weary week of it, at the same time scoring his first and only victory during the meeting. Seven started for the Alexandra Plate, Doncaster again representing Mr. Merry instead of Marie Stuart, and Scamp, Lily Agnes, Organist, Lilian, Feu d'Amour, and Figaro II. making up the field. Though Doncaster had to carry a penalty, and Marie Stuart, who is supposed to be his superior, was quite well and fit to run, and would have had a lighter weight, perhaps Mr. Merry was right in trusting to the horse, who was wonderfully fresh, and whose Cup race had been a mere exercise canter. Certainly Doncaster won the Alexandra Plate just as easily as the Gold Cup; for though the verdict was only a length, the distance might have been indefinitely increased at his jockey's pleasure. Scamp beat all the rest fairly enough, and in second-class company is no doubt a fair staying horse. Lily Agnes was always an overrated mare, Organist only beat Scamp on the first day of the meeting by luck, and Lilian, though ever ready to gallop any number of miles, could have no chance of winning against opponents of such calibre. She lost her chances earlier in the week. Either after or before the race it was understood that Doncaster was sold for ten thousand pounds, and, as prices go, he is well worth the money. He is perfectly sound, grand-looking, only five years old, and the probable successor of Blair Athol at the stud when that illustrious horse pays the debt of nature. A few days later, and Macaroni, though fifteen years old, fetched over seven thousand pounds, so that we need not be surprised at a large price having been paid for Doncaster. In the absence of Lowlander, Thorn was credited with the Ascot plate, though not till after an unexpectedly close struggle with Tartine; and Kaiser won the Queen's Plate from Duke of Rutland in the most approved fashion, the pair cantering for two-thirds of the distance, and the winner then coming away at his leisure. Kaiser may very likely divide the Queen's Plates this season with Lilian, instead of making her do all the work, and certainly Mr. Savile has the knack of breeding horses that stand hard work for a wonderful time. So ended a brilliant meeting, the honours of which must be awarded to Doncaster and Lowlander.

REVIEWS.

MANCHESTER AND CROMWELL.*

THE preface to the documents here brought together has some points of likeness to the great Revolution with one stage of

* *The Quarrel between the Earl of Manchester and Oliver Cromwell; an Episode of the English Civil War.* Unpublished Documents relating thereto, collected by the late John Bruce, F.S.A., with Fragments of a Historical Preface by Mr. Bruce, annotated and completed by David Masson. Printed for the Camden Society. 1875.

which they are concerned. The Civil War was eminently a work which was begun by one set of people and ended by another. Manchester represents its earlier and Cromwell its later stage. The papers in this collection give the history of the beginning of the process which transferred the direction of events from men of the stamp of Manchester to men of the stamp of Cromwell, from the men of reform to the men of revolution. The work of editing and prefacing the documents has, somewhat in the like sort, passed from one hand to another, from the hands of Mr. Bruce to the hands of Mr. Masson. We do not say that there is the same kind of difference between Mr. Bruce and Mr. Masson which there was between Manchester and Cromwell; still here is a narrative begun by one man and ended by another. Mr. Masson has both filled up gaps in the work of Mr. Bruce and carried it on from the point where Mr. Bruce left off. And the effect is sometimes odd, when we see Mr. Bruce and his views discussed in passages inserted in the middle of his own text. Not that we have any fault to find with Mr. Masson. He simply finds himself under the difficulty under which every man must find himself who undertakes to continue, and still more to fill up gaps in, another man's story. At one point Mr. Masson wisely declines to fill up the gap at all. This is when Mr. Bruce is drawing a picture of Cromwell in 1644. Mr. Bruce's account is here evidently imperfect, and Mr. Masson prudently remarks:—

He would be a rash person that should try to complete an unfinished character of Cromwell by any one else, whether for 1644 or for any other epoch of Cromwell's life; and so Mr. Bruce's remarks on Cromwell have been left with his asterisks after them to denote their incompleteness.

One would have liked to see the ending of Mr. Bruce's picture; because we then should have known how far some parts of it are merely dramatic, and how far Mr. Bruce really meant to commit himself to a share in Cromwell's enthusiasm. Mr. Bruce has spoken of Cromwell at this time as a resolute soldier, and goes on:—

He was much more. In him there was not merely a pre-determined judgment upon the points in dispute, but one which he believed to be infallible, because communicated to his mind by the Spirit of God. Call it enthusiasm, cant, fanaticism, hypocrisy, or what you will. He saw God's Church defiled by hirelings. He witnessed how they strove to bring back within the sacred precincts the soul-destroying trumpery of rejected superstitions. They who profaned God's Church could not be otherwise than enemies of the Lord of Hosts. To oppose them was the cause of God. It was in this cause, uniting the hero with the prophet, that he drew his sword; and, whenever his efforts were triumphant, he devoutly believed the success to be a token of God's approval—the flashing of his sword to be the lightning of God's vengeance.

This is doubtless a fair picture enough of one side of Cromwell; the strange thing is that this fierce spirit could have been anyhow combined with the principles of toleration for which, at this time, Cromwell was pleading. In any case, it is certain that, from this point of view, the yoke of the fanatical party represented by Cromwell proved lighter than that of the more decorous and regular Presbyterians represented by the Earl of Manchester. The history of the dispute between the two, which we have here told by the actors themselves and by partisans at the time, is a curious illustration of the way in which the two elements, the distinction between which lurked in the Parliamentary party from the beginning, gradually changed places. Anything that brings out how gradual was the rise of Cromwell, how little any one could have foreseen at the beginning of the Long Parliament, or even at the beginning of the Civil War, that he was soon to overtop every other man in England, is a real help to the understanding of the time. At the beginning of the war Captain Cromwell must have seemed a very small person beside Lord Kimbolton, soon to be Earl of Manchester. A generation or two earlier the houses of Cromwell and Montagu were more on a level, if that of Cromwell had not rather the advantage; but the house of Montagu had risen, and the house of Cromwell had gone down, and in the seventeenth century a far broader line was drawn than now between the peer and the commoner. Manchester may pass as the very embodiment of the moderate section of the Parliamentary party. He represents the men who wished to establish firm safeguards for the ancient liberties of the country, and to make those ecclesiastical changes which in that age had, through the false policy of the ecclesiastical party, become identified with civil liberty, but who certainly never looked forward to beheading the King, abolishing the House of Lords, and turning out the House of Commons. Not that any one can fancy that Cromwell had any visions of these things when he began, any more than Manchester had; only the growth of circumstances gradually developed them in the mind of Cromwell, while no circumstances could have developed them in the mind of Manchester. The whole story illustrates the law that in a revolution the most ardent, as being also in some sense the most far-sighted, party, is sure to come to the front, and to carry things further than any one had dreamed of at the beginning. It further illustrates the law of reaction by which those who do not go forward are driven to go backward; but it also brings out a point, which is a specially honourable feature in our great revolution, that men could stand still, and even go backward, without drawing on themselves the vengeance of those who went on further. It requires some little effort to believe that the Lord Kimbolton whom Charles the First went to seize, the Earl of Manchester who fought against the King and acted as Speaker of the Lords while Lords still lasted, is the same man who lived to be Lord Chamberlain to Charles the Second, and died at

Whitehall in 1671. By that time perhaps he had forgotten some early passages of his life, as Clarendon certainly forgot, or at least wished other people to forget, many early passages of his life. Except that reaction in one case tended to worldly advancement and in the other case tended to its opposite, the case of the men who were rebels under Charles the First and courtiers under Charles the Second is very much the same as that of those Bishops who went along with all changes under Henry the Eighth, with some of the changes under Edward the Sixth, but were in the end turned out under Elizabeth for cleaving to the Pope. In both cases men lived to see that the middle course, though theoretically it might be the best, could not work in practice, and that there was no choice but either to go on or to fall back. Manchester and Roberts fell back to their own advancement; Heath and Thirlby fell back to their own loss; but the process of mind is much the same in both cases, though it distinguishes an English revolution from a French one that Manchester and Roberts could safely fall back. In a French revolution they would certainly have been guillotined or sent to Cayenne. Under Cromwell, his old opponent, Manchester was summoned to the new-fashioned House of Lords, and could safely disobey the summons.

The letters and other papers collected in this volume come within the second half of the year 1644. By that time the differences between the two parties and the two men had begun clearly to show themselves, and they were further stirred up by the presence of the Scot Crawford, who, as a strict Presbyterian, threw all his influence on the side of Manchester and against the objects of Cromwell. The charges brought by Cromwell against Manchester come generally to this, that Manchester was backward in the cause, and that he was afraid of bringing the King "too low." Such a feeling on Manchester's part is likely enough, without suspecting him of any treason to the cause in which he had embarked. To bring the King too low would have been distinctly contrary to the objects of the party to which Manchester belonged. But warfare cannot be carried on according to strictly Parliamentary tactics, and the same kind of conduct which would be praiseworthy moderation in a strife within the walls of a senate-house looks, in actual strife in the field, like a failure of military duty. Add to this the difference in character between Manchester and his lieutenant. At this distance of time there seems something grotesque in the notion of Cromwell being second in command to Manchester. But we must remember that, when the war broke out, Cromwell had had no more military experience than Manchester, while Crawford, who had seen real service both in Scotland and in Germany, would seem fitted to be the military instructor of both alike. But Cromwell had by this time shown some portion of what was in him, while Manchester had also shown what was in him; the qualities, namely, of an amiable and patriotic nobleman, better suited for Parliamentary than for military action, and whose objects were wholly different from those of his daring lieutenant. Differences between two men so placed with regard to one another could not fail to arise, and the original papers which form the record of those differences form the subject of Mr. Bruce's collection. First come a number of letters passing between Manchester and the Committee of both Kingdoms sitting at Derby House; then two narratives from Manchester's side; and, lastly, Cromwell's own narrative, followed by notes of evidence against the Earl. The whole matter, important as it seemed at the time, proved only, as Mr. Bruce called it, an episode. The personal question between Cromwell and his chief was merged in the greater question of the Self-denying Ordinance and the New Model. By that Manchester was quietly shelved, and he appears from this time only in the Parliamentary sphere for which he was better fitted, living on, as we have seen, to receive honours alike from the Protector and from the restored King.

All these papers are among the most genuine materials for the history of the time. But the gem of the collection is the paper which is headed "Statement of an Opponent of Cromwell." Here we see how Cromwell's doings looked in the eyes of a neighbour and brother-officer, who was evidently of the strictest Presbyterian sect, but who at least knew how to express himself in truly racy language, though without any very great regard for grammar. We first get a picture of "the now Lieutenant-General Cromwell being then a captain of a troop of horse"—"then" was no more distant time than "almost two years since"—"under the command of the Earl of Essex, and I well knowing that he had some part of his estate lying in the Isle of Ely, and a good part of my own estate lying in the same Isle." This fellow-islander of Cromwell's brings out one or two points which remind us of earlier days. Cromwell's eye had marked the natural strength of the Isle of Ely and of the fen-land generally, as it had been marked long before him by Hereward and the younger Simon:—

Colonel Cromwell, perceiving what might be done in the Ile by a small party, at my coming to him at Cambridge he told me he would make the Ile of Ely the strongest place in the world, and that he would out with all the wretches and ungodly men, and he would place in it godly and precious peopell, and he would make it a place for God to dwell in. I spoken to him to helpe me to some of moneys that I had layd out of my purse longe before and some moneys to pay my soldiars; he told me I might sett a tax upon the inhabitens of the Ile to pay my selfe, which I denyed, and thought it was not fitt for me to rayse moneys to pay my selfe.

Presently follows:—

I did heare Collonell Cromwell about a yeaere sence say to a gentleman as we were going to the Earle of Manchester's quarters in St. Jones, that if he had but Marsland and Holland joynd to the Ile of Ely he would make it the strongest thinge in the world, for ther he had three of the finest ports of the world, and that he could keepe them against all the strength that could be mayd against them.

"St. Jones" seems to have puzzled both editors; we venture to risk the conjectural emendation of "St. Ives." The spirit alike of the Presbyterian officer and of the Isle of Ely landowner comes out in the description which he gives of what really was done in the Isle. Cromwell, he says, promised great things, and received large sums of money:—

Yett at this day the Ile is in noe posture then it was in at the time when he came into it, only it is become a meere Amsterdam, for in the cheifest churches on the Sabbath day the souldiers have gonn up into the pulpitts both in the forenoone and the afternoone and preached to the whole parish, and our ministers have satt in ther seatt in the church, and durst not attempt to preach, it being a common thinge to preach in private houses night and day, they having gott whole famalyes as Independents into that Ile from London and other places under ther command, lykwise haveing mayd poore men of that Ile captaines only as I conceive because they profess themselves Independents, and such as have filld dung carts both before they were captaines and sinc; they frequently rebaptise the peopell of that Ile, and thos captaines have power to commit to prison, and by a letter from Coll. Cromwell to the Committee, the copy whereof I have, he doth command that Committey that they should not release any prisoner committed by his officers, soe that the hole Ile is soe awde that they dare not seeke for ther liberties.

One unversed in Anglian geography might be tempted to think that "joining Holland" to the Isle and "making it a mere Amsterdam" were processes which had something to do with one another.

The pictures of the Independent part of the army, as seen from a rigid Presbyterian point of view, are charming:—

If you looke upon his owne regiment of horse see what a swarme ther is of thos that call themselves the godly; some of them profess they have sene visions and had revelations.

Looke on Coll. Flettwoods regiment with his Major Harreson, what a cluster of preaching officers and troopers ther is.

Looke what a company of troopers are thrust into other regiments by the head and shoulders, most of them Independents, whome they call Godly pretious men; nay, indeed, to say the truth, almost all our horse be mayd of that faction.

The more formal narratives, especially Cromwell's own, of course claim a higher historical value; but nothing is more precious in its own way than papers of this kind, which so thoroughly let us into the local and personal, as well as the general, passions of the moment.

LAWSON'S NEW GUINEA.*

WHEN a new writer comes before the public with his report of a country hitherto unknown, and invites its acceptance of adventures and observations not a little in advance of the experience or the powers of travellers at large, it is not too much to look for something in the way of credentials, if not for the good faith of the tale he has to tell, at all events for his competency as an observer and reporter. Of all means of access to general confidence there are none perhaps more potent or persuasive than such certificates of trustworthiness and responsibility as go with the possession of rank or title in the public service of the country. Army or navy commissions, admitting as they do of being readily verified, are among the foremost of this kind of credentials. A writer has only to supplement his name with a reference for which the Army or Navy List may be consulted at a glance, and the public will need no further introduction. Whatever novelty or marvel he may have to tell will at least be listened to with the deference arising from a good preliminary understanding. Respectable antecedents, it is felt, will be forthcoming, if needful. There is a character to be lost, or a fairly-earned reputation to be put in jeopardy. This is why the published work of a duly authorized professor must of necessity carry with it a weight which no nameless aspirant can hope to obtain by the mere array of his facts or logic of his arguments. But then this professional rank must bear the stamp of public warranty and the means of verification. It is not because any man can dub himself professor of insect-killing or of curing smoky chimneys that we are to bow down to him as to an unquestionable authority, even in his special line of craft or business. Mankind at large will hardly accept on his own showing Professor Holloway as the accredited healer of all the ills of the flesh, or see in Professor Harrison the unchallengeable "strongest man in the world." Anybody in these days of liberty may make free with rank and title, within certain wide limits at least, and consequently it the more behoves those who possess the genuine badge to guard against a possible confusion with wearers of the spurious article. It is in no spirit of idle curiosity, still less out of any captious or sceptical turn of mind, that we ask why Captain J. A. Lawson omits to tell us in what service, or in what country, even on which element, he attained the rank which his title-page exhibits. Far be it from us to restrict the claim to such a title within the pages of our insular Army or Navy, or even Volunteer, List. If won by colonial service, it would all the more prepare us to go along with the writer as one likely to face and to record new incidents of travel with somewhat of the fitness which comes of experience beyond the routine of home life or the jogtrot ideas of the Old World. We confess ourselves at the outset at a loss in what aspect or capacity to speak of Captain J. A. Lawson, mainly because he forbears to speak of himself. Being at Sydney, he tells us, in November 1871, he formed the resolution of exploring the interior of New Guinea, a country that had a great charm for him as being but little known

to Europeans, and therefore affording a new field for the naturalist and adventurer. On his qualifications as a naturalist, as shown by what he has to observe touching the fauna and flora of the novel region traversed, we are spared to a great extent the responsible task of pronouncing by his own modest admission, borne out as it abundantly is by his own pages, of a want of all previous study of the kind. It is under the second category that he comes more strictly within the range of our criticism. Here assuredly, if Mr. Disraeli's test is to hold good that adventures are for the adventurous, Captain Lawson goes some way to make good his title.

Contradictory reports prevailed in Sydney respecting the character of the Papuans. Instead of being fierce, treacherous, and thievish, as more commonly supposed, Captain Dobbs of the *Nautilus*, who had done a good business in trading to the island, described them as gentle and inoffensive, albeit somewhat given to thieving. With him and his ship our author resolved on trusting his fortunes, leaving Port Jackson late in the month of May, 1872. For the purpose of transit in a country where horses or oxen, even if safely transported thither, would be useless, all depended on providing suitable bearers. These were to hand in the persons of Toolo, a Lascar, who had been two years in his service, an intelligent and faithful fellow, and three Australian aborigines, Tom, Joe, and Billy, who confessed to having led a vagabondish kind of life, but had picked up a little learning, two of them being able to read very tolerably. Tom bolted up the country before the day of sailing came, but the rest of the party were landed in due course at the village of Houtree, on the southern shore of New Guinea. This place is described as containing 263 souls, including Kilee, the old chief, and five or six "orangs" or magistrates under him, living by fishing and by trading with the Dutch, who take from them spices, drugs, gums, sundry valuable woods and bark, birds of paradise, skins of monkeys, cocoa-nuts, and pearls of an inferior kind. Like the black races at large, they were mostly drunk as long as rum was to be had. Their huts were scattered about under fine trees, and had large and cultivated gardens attached, growing pumpkins, yams, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits and vegetables. The people were very friendly, and, though they at first laughed at Captain Lawson's idea of penetrating into the interior, did all in their power to serve him. For twelve dollars apiece per month, two guides were secured out of a number of anxious volunteers, having a smattering of English, with a little Dutch, French, and Portuguese. Aboo, the eldest, about fifty years old, was a most repulsive fellow, with the mark of a tremendous sword-cut across the face. He was only four feet three inches in height, but strong enough to lift four or five hundredweight with ease. Danang, thirty years younger, was also very strong, but lazy, and for a Papuan very good-looking. On the 10th of July the party made their start, with no more baggage or equipment than a small quantity of tea and coffee, some medicines, pickles, and preserves, a set of instruments for observations, twenty-four pounds of ship biscuit, and half-a-dozen bottles of brandy, whereof we are not surprised to find that two were smashed by a stumble on the part of Billy, who before this had been found helplessly drunk, having drained another bottle and earned for himself a hearty thrashing. Game being pronounced abundant, they depended for food upon their arms, Captain Lawson carrying a double-barrelled rifle, a fowling-piece, a six-chambered pistol, and a cutlass, his attendants an old musket each and their knives. For a long way their route lay through dense forest, skirting a vast salt marsh or half-dried arm of the sea. Splendid timber was met with; one tree like a European elm was measured, and found 337 feet in height, and 84 ft. 7 in. round the trunk. Parrots and monkeys swarmed in every tree, and yielded interminable sport. The wallah tree also abounds, bearing nuts the shape and size of small lemons, insipid unless roasted. Teak, camphor, laurel, palms, and bamboos are plentiful, besides what Captain Lawson thought to be a sandal tree. Tangled creepers and parasitic plants form an agreeable and sheltering growth. The utter silence at night presented a strange contrast with the hubbub of animal life during the day. Now and then distant shots were heard—a sign that the natives, strange to say, had firearms. A village was passed from time to time, and all available hospitality shown by the inhabitants. By the bank of a large river a herd of fifty or sixty deer were sighted, the old buck dropping to our traveller's rifle, and ere long three crocodiles came paddling down the stream, attracted by the blood of the animal, their appearance setting the party to flight. Another large deer, of a species he had never seen before, and called by Aboo *das mellan*, was found killed by a moolah or tiger, who had been heard long into the night crunching its bones. The terror of the moolah kept the native followers perpetually on the *qui vive*. To this animal we are indebted for the most lively part of the narrative before us. It is the means of bringing out an amount of prowess on the part of the writer which may rouse to envy the most accomplished and venturesome of Eastern Shekarris. It is not every one who would even in imagination feel equal to facing a wounded tiger, and despatching him with a knife:—

Finding himself distanced, the moolah, who had lost the use of one of his fore legs, turned back, and again came towards me, before I had time to ram home a bullet. There was nothing left for it but to run, and run I did till I went sprawling over a fallen trunk. Before I could rise the beast was upon me, and with a growl of satisfaction and anticipated vengeance, as I thought, took me into his clutches. I had a long dagger-knife in my waist belt, and I drew it with all speed, and fright lending me more than my usual strength, I drove it up to the hilt in the creature's side. Turning savagely on feeling the pain, it seized the knife in its powerful jaws and broke it. It was its last act, for immediately it fell dead without a groan; and with great relief of mind I extricated myself from under the carcass.

* *Wanderings in the Interior of New Guinea.* By Captain J. A. Lawson. With Frontispiece and Map. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

Upon hearing my call, my companions came up. They were rather alarmed, for I was drenched with the moolah's blood, and I have no doubt cut a ghastly figure; but they soon regained their courage when they saw the dead body, and were convinced that they had nothing to fear personally. With the exception of a few trifling bruises and scratches from the animal's claws, I was unhurt. My escape was certainly remarkable, and a cause for great gratitude toward the Almighty.

This moolah, a female, was exactly like that of Bengal, but handsomer, 7 feet 3 inches from nose to end of tail. A male, 7 inches longer, was dropped shortly afterwards whilst devouring a deer. The moolah is peculiar in giving out a screech like the hyena, though ten times worse; a more horrifying outcry, lasting all night, intensified as it was by horrible vultures, our author never heard. He might have thought the forest haunted by demons. To fall into the jaws of a creature like the moolah seems, however, far from being the quietus we should expect to find it. The rascal Billy having gone to sleep on his watch, our author was roused by loud cries just in time to see a large moolah disappear in the jungle with poor Danang in his mouth. Happily, ere anything could be done, the black walked back again, somewhat badly bitten about the arm and shoulder. His report was that, being suddenly woke up and dragged along with unpleasant roughness, he began to punch violently at the creature with his right fist, which was free, whereupon, astounded by the strange resistance it met with, it left him lying in the jungle.

Our author can speak of having been himself and having seen others in the jaws of a tiger, but this escape of Danang's was the most marvellous that ever came under his notice. He had himself as hairbreadth an escape from a wild bull, who made a rush after receiving a bullet in the shoulder:—

The impetus of his rush was so great, that the bull was carried twenty paces beyond me; but he wheeled instantly, and taking no notice of a shot from Aboo, rushed down upon me more fiercely than in the first charge. I was fairly unnerved, and ran with all my might to gain the cover of a clump of trees that grew close at hand. I had almost reached them when I felt a terrible shock in the rear, and became aware that I was spinning through the air. I fell on my right side with sufficient force to knock the breath out of me, but providentially I did not lose consciousness, or else my bones would have been left to crumble to dust on that solitary plain, for Taurus had not done with me yet. Before I had time to collect myself and attempt to rise, I felt his feverishly hot breath puffing on my face. He tried hard to gore me, and several times rammed down his head at me with tremendous impulse; but by moving my body quickly to either side, I contrived to escape the blows. My pistol was still in my belt, and I drew it and fired four shots at the bull's head, which had the effect of confusing him a little; but how matters would have ultimately ended is very doubtful, had not Aboo come up and put a bullet through the brute's shoulder, which brought him down across my legs with crushing weight. It was no easy matter to get from under the enormous carcass, even with Aboo's help; and when at length I was released, I could hardly stand, so much was I shaken and bruised. However, no bones were broken, and I had cause to be thankful that I had escaped with my life.

Beyond feeling a little faint, and requiring to be pulled round by a draught of brandy, which we are glad to find held out so long after being served round repeatedly during the march, aided by a score or so of leeches, which the faithful Aboo ran and fetched in a trice, no great harm was experienced by our traveller from a toss which, by Aboo's calculation and his own, was at least thirty feet. Nor is it in endurance only that he is able to eclipse the fame of ordinary men of sport. His powers of sight and hand are equally above the common. He thinks nothing of bringing down one of a herd of wild goats at a distance of at least six hundred yards; while those who have hitherto had most to tell of the animal life of New Guinea have never been able to sight an individual goat. Monkeys seem to have abounded of a size only met with by previous explorers in the African forests; a male 5 feet 3 inches high being brought down by Aboo, his mate, 5 feet in height and 39 inches round the chest, dropping from a tree at the same time to a shot from Captain Lawson, with a crash that shook the ground, yet retaining strength enough to get upon her feet until a pistol bullet made her give up the ghost. Both, though horribly repulsive, are described as human to a degree which almost makes one shudder to hear their slaughter spoken of so coolly. The forehead was not so low as in most apes, nor the nose so flat. The skin of the face was wrinkled and swarthy, but had no hair upon it. Each hand had forefinger and a thumb, but there were only four toes on each foot. Fingers and toes alike had nails like those of a human being. Aboo had seen plenty of this species before, always some distance inland, which must account for their never having been noticed by voyagers familiar with the coast. By the natives they are called, we learn, *tilang-noo*, the "wild man," their cry being like the whimpering of an idiot. Our regret that the carrying powers of the party should have been unequal to bringing away the skins of animals so rare and precious is merged in that with which we hear of the mischance which befel the entire stock of spoil accumulated by them in the journey; a desperate *mêlée* with a native tribe, in which poor Joe and Danang were killed and all the goods and chattels lost, making it necessary to beat a retreat when the North-Eastern coast was by calculation but twenty or thirty miles distant. These natives were unexpectedly formidable. Whence they got their "pikes, curved swords, and flint muskets," or whence the chief just before met with got his pair of enormous horse-pistols, which looked to be at least a hundred years old, is a question which we wish our traveller had put, seeing that he had picked up by this time a considerable knowledge of the Papuan tongue, whereof he treats us to a specimen from time to time. The river Royal, for example, discovered and named by him, bears, on the chief's authority, the native name of "Chingoo mallan," the river

of the god Chin, who, according to Papuan mythology, created all the seas, rivers, and lakes in the world, with the fish that dwell in them, while his three brothers, Am, Looshang, and Dillah, made the earth, plants, and animals; and their sister, Moushat, gave being to all winged creatures, as birds, bats, and insects. Only one language, he writes, is spoken on the island, though of that many of the words are derived from the Malay, Hindostanee, Chinese, and other tongues. He found it easy to learn and pleasant-sounding, being spoken with a clear, distinct pronunciation, without any disagreeable guttural twang. How Hindostanee words can have made their way into regions so secluded to all appearance from intercourse with the world at large, is one of the many things which readers of Captain Lawson's book must wish to see explained.

Among the main geographical discoveries reported by Captain Lawson on his line of route is that of the river Royal, a mile broad below its confluence with the Gladstone, which must fall into the Indian Ocean near the N.E. point of the island. It seems strange that the outfall of so noble a stream should have escaped the notice of the navigators who from time immemorial have thronged the Banda Sea, Torres Straits, and islands adjacent, and of the surveyors to whom we owe very fine charts of the archipelago, whatever mystery may have hitherto shrouded the interior of New Guinea. An extensive volcanic range is also reported, in great part extinct. Near Lake Alexandrina, however, 1,597 feet above the sea, a dense column of smoke was seen, following which, for fifteen miles, a tremendous crater was reached, and found to be three miles and a quarter in circumference. The summit was scaled in six hours time, and the interior found too perpendicular for descent, which was also precluded by the smoke and sulphurous fumes. Mount Vulcan, as the Papuan Etna was named by him, is estimated by our author to be 3,117 feet from base to summit. The smoke and fiery glare made a welcome landmark on the retreat of the party, as did also the mighty cone, his crowning geographical glory, pictured in the frontispiece. Mount Hercules, which he calculated at first to be 30,000 feet high, and consequently the highest mountain in the world, "proved," we read, "to be 32,783 feet above the level of the sea." We could wish to have Captain Lawson's process of calculation. The only mention made of instruments is that of the thermometer, which gradually sank to 22° below freezing point. Nothing is said of its having been boiled in order to get the elevation. All that the party are reported as having taken with them is a supply of food and water, their arms and blankets, and a stout staff each. Carrying firearms up a snowy mountain higher than Mount Everest might be thought uncalled for as a precaution, not to speak of the impediment it might present to climbing. Captain Lawson happily shows himself all through a man not easily disconcerted. Numbed as he and his party are said to have been—the blood flowing from their noses and ears, their lips and gums, and the skin of their faces cracked and bleeding, and the staves falling from their hands—they were able to pick up new life from the unfailing brandy, enough to set them at the top. Seeing that their start was at 4 A.M., and that they got safely down by half-past 7 in the evening, our readers will allow that this was an exploit fitted to crown one of the most remarkable series of adventures which have been recorded in our time.

CHRONICLES OF DUSTYPORE.*

IT is not often that a novel-reader comes across a story so bright, so amusing, and so sparkling as these *Chronicles of Dustypore*. These two little volumes give a picture of Indian life and Indian scenery; they tell the tale of Indian official labours and Indian official quarrels; they lead us into that world so like the English world, and yet so remote from it, where every man has houses and servants and cattle at his command, and every woman flirts, with a general balance on the side of innocence, but still only more or less fiercely as she is more or less pretty. Anglo-Indian life has never been better sketched, and seldom, in some respects, so favourably. It is perfectly astonishing how well people must talk in India if the ordinary conversation of India is properly reflected in the dialogues of the society of Dustypore. Epigrams, scraps of poetry, smart stories, audacious compliments, fall from these clever Dustypore people like jewels from the lap of a fairy. Their conversational brilliancy culminates in the utterances of a Competition Wallah who has sharpened his talk till it is all point. If the conversation of Mr. Desvieux is sketched from the life, and is a fair specimen of the talk of those of his class, the effect of a happy change of air and scene on young Englishmen is most remarkable. Those who in this dull climate have had the pleasure of examining Competition Wallahs can scarcely have been able to appreciate the latent powers of the youths who came under their notice. Here the candidates modestly hide their epigrammatic gifts, and readily substitute the prosaic and disjointed English which is the natural language of the country. The odd thing is that, when they come home on leave, they seem to be able to cast off in a moment all their Indian brilliancy, and are as commonplace as if they had spent all their time at home. But in India, whether it is the sun, or the dust, or the grass-widows, or the habit of commanding the natives, they are quite different beings, and, especially if they are stationed at Dustypore, bloom into perfect garlands of repartees,

* *Chronicles of Dustypore: a Tale of Modern Anglo-Indian Society.* By the Author of "Wheat and Tares," "Late Laurels." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

bon-mots, and pleasantries of all sorts. It is true that they have one enormous advantage which is denied us here. They have a perpetual stimulus in the female society into which they are thrown. Not only do all the ladies flirt, but the ladies both stand and expect compliments which women here would think exaggerated, if not alarming. "Siren! why, already too dangerously fair, why deck yourself with fresh allurements for the fascination of a broken-hearted world?" is the language in which Mr. Desvieux promptly expresses himself when Mrs. Vereker puts on a new bonnet. Even in India Mrs. Vereker is represented as laughing a little at the warmth of her admirer's language, and the author of the *Chronicles of Dustypore* is far too good a writer not to know that he must not let his people get on too tall stilts when they converse. But there is abundance of this sort of talk through the book, and it is obvious that the knowledge that this is the kind of compliment which ladies like must give young men in India confidence and a sense of freedom and power, and must enable them to turn to some profit those treasures of Oriental imagery to be found profusely scattered through the Persian poets, with whose works they judiciously beguile their hours of well-earned leisure.

Miss Maud Vernon is the heroine of the book, and she is something like a heroine. In their frank, ready, Anglo-Indian way, all the men make love to her at once. As she herself puts it, with charming plainness, when warned that an admirer seems only too inclined to kiss her, "she thinks no worse of him for that; she believes they all would." Within little more than a twelvemonth she is at school, goes out to India, flirts, marries, flirts again, nurses her husband through the cholera, and is good ever after. She thus packs a good deal of Indian experience into a short space, and the reader who pants after her in her adventurous course is taken through much of Indian life while he is swept along. The author is much too refined and sensible to take the trouble to depict the career of a girl who is not really good and true. But Miss Maud is certainly not one of those lovely beings who are too bright and good for the daily food of human nature. She likes doing what she ought not to do, and is perhaps justifiably dazzled and overpowered by the brilliancy of her Competition Wallah. Such an opportunity of appreciating the remarkable effect of India on the English intellect was not to be thrown away; and if boys will be boys, we suppose girls will be girls. She is, however, fortunately under the care, and partly under the control, of a married lady named Felicia, who is one of those paragons of excellence whom even India cannot tame, and who works like a horse (if that is a proper expression to apply to a lady) to marry Maud to the right man, a silent, strong, scarred officer of Irregular Cavalry. Sutton, in an action against a hill tribe, gets one of those safe and pleasant wounds which can only be treated by the adroit nursing of ladies in a hill-station; and Maud, discovering that she is very like Elaine, and that Sutton is very like Lancelot, willingly plunges into the pool of bliss towards which Felicia has been pushing her for months. But, when married, she sees a little too much of her husband. She leads a dreary life of camping out with him in a region where there are no new bonnets, no picnics, no small talk, no French poetry and Oriental imagery freely introduced into daily conversation. Sutton is too silent, too strong, too scarred for her; and when a feverish attack sends her off alone to the hills, and she again finds her delightful Competition Wallah, she flirts as only Indian ladies can flirt. This part of the book is exceedingly well done, and was very difficult to do. It is not easy to make a young woman naughty and good at the same time, and to make us like, trust, and admire her when she flirts so very hard that even an experienced Indian lady advises her to take some other man for a fortnight. Among her numerous admirers there is, naturally, one of those quiet, uncomplaining people who never tell the story of their disappointed love, and devote themselves to watching over the morals of the objects of their affections; but Maud thinks Mr. Bolden a bore, and tells him so. The great Viceroy himself knits his brows as he watches Maud's way of going on; but she is carried away by the fun of the thing and by the joy of life, and she braves the frowns of the Viceroy. At last Desvieux perpetrates the audacious act which Maud believes "they all" would like to venture on; or rather, if the great secret of the book is to be revealed, it is the lady herself who takes the initiative. When she has got thus far she is suddenly frightened, bewildered, and sobered. She has been a little too naughty; and, in the very moment of her bitter repentance, she hears that her husband is stricken with cholera. This seeming affliction is of course a blessing to all parties, and Maud takes to heart the lesson she has received. When her husband is well enough, she seeks peace in confession; and nothing could be prettier or more touching than the scene in which Maud forces herself to unload her conscience, and Sutton, with the chivalrous good sense of a man who knows when a woman is really true, laughs away her grief, and disperses her story into thin air.

Maud has so much work to get through that she uses up most of the book; but then she is principally brought before us through the medium of conversations, and Anglo-Indians talk so well that all kinds of things can be got neatly and rapidly into the dialogue they carry on. Room is moreover found for a distinct and subordinate topic, and the doings of a certain Salt Board are sketched with much liveliness of detail. Mr. Trollope has shown novelists how to bring pictures of official life into the framework of a love story, and Mr. Trollope may be proud to see how well his special art can be practised by such a disciple as the author of these *Chronicles*. There are, it is needless to say, three members of the Salt Board, and the Board had got on happily enough in

former days, and the secret of their comfort is described in the light, pungent, humorous way of which the author is a master. "The maintenance of this agreeable equilibrium depended on the persons concerned being tempered of the right metal, imbued with the right spirit, and what the Secretary used to call loyal." But the wrong sort of man was appointed to fill up a vacancy, a hard man who violated every tradition, had the most inconvenient way of asking what things meant, and had a curious way of coughing so that his coughs sounded like oaths, which of course annoyed his colleagues. Soon after his arrival he fancied that in the accounts a large sum was not traceable. "It is the floating balance," said Fotheringham, with an air of great assurance, arising from his having given the same reply frequently before and found it answer. "Perhaps you will trace it, then," said Blunt, pushing over the papers in the most unfeeling way. This is the way in which the proceedings of the Board are described, and at last the dissension of its members culminates in a great fight. Some years ago there had been a proclamation of some Governor-General about the salt district over which the Board presided, and the proclamation had not been quite free from obscurity. Blunt, seeing in its obscurity the source of all subsequent evils, spoke of it as "that confounded proclamation," which gave an opening to the senior member to observe that "the proclamation which Blunt is pleased to describe as confounded was, we know, a high-minded, well-considered act of a great statesman, and has been the foundation-stone of all peace, prosperity, and civilization in the province." This is a good caricature of the grand talk dear to old officials. But Anglo-Indian officials have, as is well known, a greater passion for grand writing than even for grand talking, and the author treats himself to the fun of dwelling on the difficulties of the Secretary, who finds his grand official style subjected to the criticism of Blunt's dreadful common sense. In consequence of the interference of the Board a hill tribe has revolted and been put down, with the indirect effect of getting Sutton wounded and married. "In the good old days when the Secretary had his own way, he would have knocked the affair off in a dozen well-rounded, vague, magniloquent phrases; have left the connexion of the Board with the whole thing in obscurity; have congratulated the Government on the excellent behaviour of the troops; and paid Providence a handsome compliment on the fortunate turn which events had taken." This is light and pleasant satire; and very probably the style of the Secretary and the proceedings of the Salt Board are borrowed from what may not unfrequently be found in the official world of India. But, like the similar sketches of Mr. Trollope, they only portray for the amusement of the reader a small and unimportant side of this world. They are neither just nor unjust, for they do not pretend to do more than to take a little part of a great whole, and it would be alike to misjudge the author and Indian officials to suppose that the *Dustypore Salt Board* is meant as a type of the real character of the administration of India.

A diversified love story, pointed dialogue, and satirical sketches of official life go far to amuse and interest, and perhaps instruct, the reader. The career of Maud may perhaps be like the career of ordinary girls in India, there may be other people in India who talk like the people at *Dustypore*, there may be Boards like the *Dustypore Salt Board*. We cannot be quite sure of any of these things, but we are willing more or less to believe them. But there is one sphere in which the author is evidently drawing from the life with an unusual power of graphic fidelity. The descriptions of Indian scenery are excellent. They bring before us what the writer wishes to bring. They make us not only see the scenery, but feel as Englishmen feel when they see it. There is nothing elaborate about them. They, like everything else in the book, are so far slight that the author never dwells on them long. They are merely put in because the author has seen and felt and observed, and it comes naturally to him to put down what have been his own experiences. It is one of the advantages of a novelist, an advantage which at first sight it seems curious he should possess, that he can, if he possesses the secret of his art, make scenery in one sense more real to the reader than the traveller can, although the traveller tries to give an exact account of some real definite place. The reason is, that the novelist can throw together many little pieces of experience which together constitute what he knows of a locality, while the traveller is generally limited by the bounds of a given time. The novelist, too, can, if he selects some place to describe, select what he has found to be the most typical place in a district. He has found that this place has produced a vivid impression on him, and he singles it out and puts it before us as the one place we are to see; whereas the traveller is always bewildering us with places rather like the last place he has described for us. At the opening of the tale the author describes what he calls the Sandy Tracts, and he describes that uncomfortable region as a man would describe a sandy district who had suffered every form of suffering that sand can inflict, who had watched himself and others before, under, and after sand, and had, as it were, got to the end of all that sand and can do to make Englishmen wretched. More pleasant, and so far better, are the descriptions of the Himalaya scenery, where the ladies are "hanging on a little picturesque rock of safety, while all around them is sublime." The storms, the inky masses of clouds, the hundred muddy torrents that mark the end of the storm, the folds of mist creeping up from the precipice, are all depicted; and then, with a sentence, Maud marks the impression which the author wishes to convey. "It is beautiful," Maud said, "but too grand to be pleasant; it is rather awful. That black mountain opposite, with its

army of skeleton deodars, makes me shudder." In contrast with this gloomy grandeur of nature, the joyous life of Anglo-Indians in their hour of holiday—with the men riding, cased in waterproofs, to a ball, and the ladies nursing the splendours of English dresses in the seclusion of palanquins—is placed before us until we seize the picture as a whole; the greatness of material force, and the buoyant ascendancy of a race that asserts itself and enjoys where it conquers. Those who have never been in India may learn from the *Chronicles of Dustomore* more of India than they could gather from hundreds of more pretentious volumes.

JERRAM'S LYCIDAS OF MILTON.*

CONSIDERING the number of English classics annotated by men who do not know English which are now constantly pouring from the press, it is pleasant to meet with a work that has been edited by a scholar who has made a special study of our mother-tongue. Mr. Jerram's work is evidently a labour of love. He brings wide reading and accurate scholarship to illustrate Milton's *Lycidas*. His introduction, though somewhat long, is deeply interesting, and his notes are models of what notes ought to be.

In memorial poetry English literature is rich. We have Spenser's "Astrophel: an Elegy upon Sir Philip Sidney"; together with the "Mourning Muse of Thestylis," another poem upon the same subject. We wonder how many educated persons in the present day have read either of these poems, or are familiar with the following lines, which are among the most pathetic and beautiful in the English language:—

His pallid face, impietured with death,
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft;
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft,
And oft she cald to him, who answered nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

We have Daniel's Elegy "To the Angel Spirit of the Most Excellent Sir Philip Sidney," and Donne's on "The Untimely Death of the incomparable Prince Henry"; Drummond's "Tears on the Death of Mæliades," though full of quaint conceit, also deserves to be remembered. Few writers of English verse have excelled Drummond in melody or thoughtful tenderness. Ben Jonson's matchless epigram on Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother, will last as long as English letters. In his epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, who died in childhood in her twenty-third year, Milton cannot be said to have achieved any great success. It is wanting in real feeling. The last lines are not worthy of the great Radical of his time:—

With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No marchioness, but now a queen.

His sonnet on "My Late Espoused Saint," his second wife Catherine Woodcock, is full of tender and solemn music. In *Lycidas* Milton expresses his sorrow in words for the friend who died in youth. It is the real pathos as much as the intrinsic beauty of the poem which makes it an English classic for all time. We do not attach as much importance as Professor Masson or Mr. Jerram to the point whether King or Diodati was the friend of his youth. No doubt he loved both, and was sorely afflicted when death took them both away. Poets have wider and greater capacity for loving than ordinary mortals. Of Milton's relations with King we know nothing whatever, except what we gather from the poem itself. *Lycidas* must speak for itself, and tell us how far it is an expression of genuine sorrow. Dr. Johnson was a great man, but a poor critic. Certain notes of divine harmony found no response in his breast. No one has written more sensibly on Pope and Dryden, but Milton was beyond his range. He had no eye for Milton's celestial visions and no ear for his divine music. He closes his review of *Paradise Lost* with the assertion that its perusal was rather a task than a pleasure. Of *Lycidas*, which is so full of rich and varied music, he was of opinion that "the diction is harsh and the numbers displeasing." He once told Anne Seward that he would hang a dog that read that poem twice. "What then," she said, "must become of me who can say it by heart, and who often repeat it to myself with a delight which grows by what it feeds upon?" "Die," said Boswell's bear, "in a surfeit of bad taste." Johnson, in his criticism on *Lycidas*, says that it "is not the effusion of real passion, which runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions," that "where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief," that "there is no nature, for there is no truth," and that no image of tenderness can be excited by the lines "we drove afield." We hold with Hallam "that *Lycidas* is a good test of real feeling in poetry." Professor Masson, in his *Life of Milton*, says:—"It is a finer monument to the memory of King to let the fact of his death originate a whole mood of the poet's mind than if he had merely registered the fact in a lyric of direct regret. So poets honour the dead; they let his image intertwine itself with all else that arises in their minds; and out of the best choosing still the best, they lay that on the tomb saying, This belongs to you." In *Memoriam* is not a lyric of direct regret, but it is a picture of the changing moods which grief casts like black shadows over the poet's mind.

* *The Lycidas and Epitaphium Damonis of Milton*. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, including a Reprint of the Rare Latin Version of the "Lycidas" by William Hogg (1694), by C. S. Jerram, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

Dr. Johnson makes the pastoral form of *Lycidas* a ground of special objection, and Mr. Jerram has devoted much care and attention to discussing this. He shows how from the time of Theocritus through Virgil to the Italian pastorals every form of poetry has been dressed in this garb. It was in the sixteenth century, through translations from the Italian, that this fashion passed into England. The first well-known pastorals are those known as Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, the master-piece of pastorals of that age. The simplicity of these, however, is destroyed by the political and religious allusions contained in them. About the same time appeared Sidney's *Arcadia*, which cannot be strictly called a pastoral, since there are fewer shepherds than courtiers and knights. Early in the seventeenth century appeared the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher (the forerunner of *Comus*), Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* (1613), also well known to Milton, and the *Sad Shepherd* of Jonson. These were directly the result of Spenser's influence. They abound with rich descriptions of English country life and scenery.

From the time of Spenser the pastoral form was specially used as a vehicle of expressing memorial poetry. The influence of Spenser can always be traced in Milton's writings, and therefore we are not surprised that he used the form which was so universal then and which his master had adopted. He seems to have been impressed with the value of that particular form, for the elegy in which he laments the loss of Diodati is a pastoral cast in a shape more artificial than even the *Lycidas*, and written, not in English, but in Latin. *Lycidas* is, however, not strictly a pastoral, but an allegory cast in classic pastoral form, describing college life and friendship. The scenery so exquisitely painted is the scenery of the British isles. In the digression upon Fame and the passage about the clergy the pastoral disguise is dropped. In the latter we find the influence of Milton's religious opinions upon his poetry. This is discussed at length and with sound sense by Mr. Jerram. The serious work of Milton's life was political and theological controversy. Controversy was his duty, poetry was his delight. Though he lived in the noise and dust of battle, he retained his "love of sacred song." He was the prophet of liberty, and his converse with poetic themes carried him beyond the narrow range of party conflict. When he had fallen on evil days and evil tongues, he found refuge from them in an ideal world, and "meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around him, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."

Mr. Jerram's notes are, as we have said, very good, and they possess a merit which notes in the present day seldom possess—they elucidate the text. In the line

What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,

Mr. Jerram agrees with a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1868, that the gray-fly is the grig or cricket, O.-E. *græg-hama*, i.e. grey coat, from its colour. It cannot be the cockchafer, as some aver, as the cockchafer is only seen in the evening, and Milton is in this line describing noon. If the gray-fly is the cricket, the use of "fly" as applied to this insect may be compared with that of taint-worm in

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

where Milton may have employed "worm" by poetic license in a wide sense. Sir T. Browne, in *Vulgar Errors*, says:—"There is found in the summer a spider called *taint*, of a red colour." Mr. Jerram points out that canker here means caterpillar, and aptly quotes from Joel "that which the locust has left hath the canker-worm eaten." We do not agree with Mr. Jerram and the other editors of Milton in their interpretation of the lines—

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

We consider that by the two-handed engine Milton meant the Bible, which was to destroy "the grim wolf." The Puritan poet no doubt had in his mind the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews:—"For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." Those who have read Professor Masson's examination of this passage in his *Life of Milton* will hardly fail to agree with him in interpreting the "grim wolf" to mean that system of perversion to Romanism which seems to have reached its height in or about the year 1637.

Mr. Jerram has written an elaborate note in order to show that "look homeward" in the line—

Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,

is said to Lycidas and not to the Angel, but we think he fails to prove his point. The meaning of the line is obvious, but unfortunately commentators, as a rule, have a strong objection to obvious meanings.

Not the least valuable part of this edition of *Lycidas* is the corrected list of the various readings. They prove the extreme care which one of the greatest masters of the English tongue bestowed on his work. There is a current belief in the present day that the art of writing English comes by inspiration. People seem ignorant of the fact that, like every other fine art, it demands severe and loving labour. Authors now think more of the quantity than the quality of their work. Modern poets produce more in a year than Milton did in a lifetime of patient labour. But then there is no obscurity or slovenliness in his finished pages. The

passage beginning "Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies" originally stood:—

Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoyed love,
And that sad floure that strove
To write his own woes on the vermeil graine;
Next adde Narcissus, yt still weeps in vaine,
The woodbine and ye pencie freakt wth jet,
The glowing violet.

Afterwards Milton inserted the "garish Columbine," but altered it to "the well attird woodbine." In

The cowslip wan that hangs his pensive head,
And every bud that sorrow's liverie wears,

he changed "sorrow's liverie wears" to "sad escutchen beares," and then to "imbroidrie," and finally "beares" back again to "wears." Again, the two lines,

Let Daffadillies fille thire cups with teares,
Bid Amaranthus all his beantie shed,

were transposed, and the *let* was altered to *and*. The whole of the passage is struck through with the pen and the substituted lines are written below:—

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attird woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies.

Mr. Jerram has given us the Latin paraphrase of the *Lycidas* by William Hogg. Mr. F. A. Paley recently published a translation of *Lycidas* into Latin hexameters. In his preface he refers to Hogg's version, but regrets that he was unable to meet with a copy of it. This copy Mr. Jerram found in the British Museum in a miscellaneous collection. There is a quaint English address to the reader, part of which is worth quoting:—

Now he [Edward King] was a person generally beloved in his life, which made him so much lamented at his death; which occasioned several students to pen lamentations on his death, among whom was this Milton and Cleveland. I was desired by others to make these two translations, which was the occasion that I penned them. I was advised to put them in the Press, and that which encouraged me to adventure to do it was hopes that ingenious gentlemen would communicate tokens of their kindness to me, for at this time my necessity is very great. These Poems will afford a high and innocent recreation.

Hogg's version is not only curious, but worth the attention of the scholar, in spite of occasional inaccuracies and one or two false quantities which grate on the ear.

Mr. Jerram appends two English translations of the *Epitaphium Damonis*—the first by Dr. Symmons, in 1806, a specimen of the artificial literary style out of which the world was then slowly emerging, and one by Professor Masson in hexameter verse. Professor Masson has not been more successful than others in moulding the English language to this form of verse. The hexameter measure does not harmonize with English as it does naturally with Latin and Greek. He has, however, caught the spirit of the original. Milton, lamenting the loss of his friend Diodati, contrasts the easiness with which animals can replace a lost mate with the difficulty for a human being to find again a kindred soul. Professor Masson has finely rendered the lines:—

Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis,
Gens homines, aliena animis et pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,
Surripit aeternum linguens in secula damnum.

We are the hard race, we, the battered children of fortune,
We of the breed of men, strange-minded and different-moulded;
Scarcely does any discover his one true mate among thousands;
Or, if kinder chance shall have given the singular blessing,
Comes a dark day on the creep, and comes the hour unexpected,
Snatching away the gift, and leaving the anguish eternal.

He has, however, failed to give the precise idea of the refrain:—

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Go unpastured, my lambs, your master now heeds not your bleating.

"Go" does not represent the "ite domum" of the original.

Mr. Jerram has displayed so much learning and research in this edition of *Lycidas* that we hope to welcome him again in the character of an editor of an English classic. Good editors of English classics are rare, but unfortunately the name of the inferior ones is legion. No edition of an English classic seems to be too bad "for the use of schools." English has been much neglected in the too exclusive study of the classical languages. A boy is better acquainted with the structure of Latin and Greek than with that of his mother-tongue. That any University curriculum should from first to last dispense with all reference to a youth's native tongue seems singular. But this is the case both at Oxford and Cambridge. A "liberal" education surely implies a knowledge of *that*, whatever else it implies.

HEMANS'S HISTORIC AND MONUMENTAL ROME.*

THIS is not, as will be seen from the title, the supplementary section on the history of the fifteenth century promised by Mr. Hemans in the last volume of his series on *Medieval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy*.† It is a distinct work, gathering up the results of the author's observations and remarks during a residence of many years in Rome, which he finally brought to a close in the summer of 1873, not being disposed, as we are led to understand, to prolong his stay in the Italian capital under its new masters. We need hardly say, at least to readers of Mr. Hemans's former publications, that it contains a large amount of very interesting matter bearing on both the classical and the Christian antiquities of the Imperial city, though they will also be quite prepared to find that he is evidently most at home in the latter branch of his subject. They will detect, as before, in a certain clumsiness of style and the occasional use of what must be called barbarisms, unmistakable traces of the author's long sojourn in foreign lands; but there is some improvement discernible in this respect. We are still, however, left to desire a clearness of style and orderly arrangement of subject-matter which would greatly promote both the pleasure and edification of his readers. The book, as the preface informs us, is "entirely re-written," with much additional matter, from two small volumes published at Florence in 1865; but it retains too much the appearance of embodying the contents of a number of casual papers, lectures, and note-books, without any sufficient working up of the scattered materials into a harmonious whole. One qualification for his task Mr. Hemans possesses in a high degree. He has a keen appreciation of the æsthetic and historical interest of these ancient monuments, in which men of eminence in their way have sometimes been singularly deficient. It is amusing to hear Luther disposing of the classical antiquities of Rome by the offhand remark that "he saw such things piled up as high as three spears of a German *Landsknecht*," which rather reminds one of Archbishop Whately's summary description of the Milan Duomo as "the biggest idolatrous temple he had ever seen." Still more marvellous was Bishop Burnet's "absurd and bigoted story" that the whole range of Catacombs are the burial-places of heathen slaves alone, and all the inscriptions, paintings, epigraphs, and the like contained in them "the forgeries of a few monks." One is prepared however for such comments from such a quarter, but it is strange to find a writer like Addison so inappreciative that, as Macaulay justly observes, "spots made memorable by events that have changed the destinies of the world, and been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient versifier."

It is not very clear whether Mr. Hemans considers the change of Government at Rome on the whole an advantage or the reverse as regards the preservation of ancient monuments. On this as on other subjects his language is apt to be ambiguous, or rather is hardly consistent with itself. Thus, on the one hand, we are told that no Pope has ever expended so much for restorations, antiquarian interests, and public works as Pius IX., of which several examples are cited, while a recent edict is complained of which condemns the historic Porta Salaria to give way to a modern structure called after Victor Emmanuel. In other passages again the author speaks with enthusiasm of "the magnificent undertakings and public works of Pius IX., in the range of ecclesiastical interests, public charities and modern art, church restoration or adornment"; and also of the eminent services of several former Popes. Yet he elsewhere sharply denounces the "pontifical Vandalism" of other reigns, especially of Sixtus V., and speaks highly of the action of the present Government. The following passage is somewhat ambiguous:—

Great indeed is the difference between the procedure of the present and that of the former Government in Rome with respect to archeological undertakings and public works in general. The first Pope who prohibited the wilful destruction of antique art-works, but with little effect in his time, was Eugenius IV. (1431-47). Later in the same century Lorenzo de' Medici sent an emissary to collect antique inscriptions at Rome for his new palace at Florence; and the commissioner of the "magnificent" Lorenzo has left us a gloomy picture of the devastation and neglect he found still prevailing in the Papal metropolis. He tells of Roman citizens who boasted that the foundations of their houses consisted entirely of fragments—the *disiecta membra*—of antique sculptures! In 1462 the estimable and learned Pius II. published a brief ordering that all classical monuments in Rome should be protected and preserved. During his pontificate the Roman magistrates put forth an edict (*De antiquis edificiis non diruendis*) for the same purpose; but neither of these prohibitory acts withheld Sixtus IV. (1471-84) from the deliberate demolishing of a circular temple of Hercules in order to make cannon balls out of its travertine stonework!

One important discovery at all events is due to the new régime. It was described some months ago in an interesting letter in the *Times*, but our readers may be glad to have Mr. Hemans's account of it:—

I have mentioned (*supra* p. 315) the discovery by the French, when directing similar works in Rome, of several chambers and corridors opened in 1813 under the arena of the Colosseum; but which the pontifical authorities, soon after the return of Pius VII., ordered to be closed on account of the stagnant water which in part filled them. These underground structures have been again opened and made accessible. As to their use different suppositions are advanced, but it may be concluded that all ancient amphitheatres had such a ground-floor story—the most complete and well preserved example of which is in the amphitheatre of Capua. The masonry of those long buried structures below the Flavian edifice seems not

* *Historic and Monumental Rome. A Handbook for the Students of Classical and Christian Antiquity in the Italian Capital.* By C. L. Hemans. Williams & Norgate.

† See *Saturday Review*, September 13, 1873.

older than the IV. century—in part mediæval. The ancient arena is found to be 27 feet lower than the modern level. At some depth under the ground on which the stations of the "Via Crucis" were erected in 1749, has been discovered a series of immense stone brackets, for support (as apparent) of a boarded and moveable stage. Three great arched tunnels are now seen, opening at the southern side of the major axis, the central one probably for the entrance of gladiators and victims condemned to die; the two others for the wild beasts, and communicating with a "vivarium" in which they were kept. The middle tunnel is crossed, at intervals, by flat arches in massive travertine stonework. Lower down is seen the mouth of a cloaca, still fenced with metal grating, through which the arena might have been flooded for the naumachia entertainment.

The Colosseum is of course indissolubly connected with the memory of the Christian martyrs, so that Pius V. used to say that whoever desired relics from Rome need but gather the soil of the Flavian amphitheatre all saturated with their blood. As to the number of those who suffered for their faith at Rome, however, great diversities of opinion have prevailed. Gibbon even thinks that the whole number put to death throughout the Empire in the persecution of Diocletian scarcely amounted to 2,000. On the other hand, local tradition assigns 174,000 martyrs to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus alone, and 10,000 to the cemetery under the three churches occupying the site of St. Paul's martyrdom. Mr. Hemans speaks rather vaguely, as is his wont, but appears to think that, if local traditions exaggerate, they generally contain substantial truth. The alleged imprisonment of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Mamertine prison he rejects on grounds which seem to be conclusive. There was in fact no prison at the time on the site of the Septa Julia, long used as a voting place for the tribes and centuries at elections, and which, in accordance with the suggestion of Cicero, had been surrounded with marble porticoes and adorned with paintings. In connexion with the recent excavations carried out by private enterprise in the Cemetery of St. Agnes, Mr. Hemans comes across two questions about which there has been considerable dispute. He is decidedly of opinion that the notion of Christians and Pagans having used the same places of burial, and performing their funeral rites in common, is inadmissible; and we are quite disposed to agree with him. As regards the vexed question of the phials hitherto supposed, and still affirmed by a decree of the Congregation of Rites, to distinguish the burial-place of a Christian martyr, he is also inclined, but on less adequate grounds, to support the received view:—

In the newly opened corridors of this cemetery are seen several of those small glass phials stained with a red substance supposed to be blood, and which, being found imbedded in the tufa rock beside tombs, are determined by ecclesiastical authority to be proofs of martyrdom in the case of those beside whose last resting places they are deposited. The decree of the Roman Congregation of Rites on this subject has been called in question; and some have assumed that such phials are stained not with blood but sacramental wine. It is fair to state in favour of the other received theory, that in one instance an inscription of decisive import—*Sanguis Saturnini*—has been found on such a vessel, not (I believe) extant, but mentioned by Boldetti, a trustworthy witness. And it is possible, one may ask, that such a singular usage as the preservation of the sacramental species in deposit near the grave could have failed to be recorded either in Church History or by tradition through other channels, instead of being solely made known to us through memorials indicating especial honour for certain among the dead in Roman cemeteries?

This argument is certainly not decisive. It may be admitted at once that the particular vessel mentioned contained the blood of Saturninus, and we are ready to go beyond Mr. Hemans in absolutely rejecting the absurd notion that these phials are stained with "the sacramental species." No one at all familiar with the way in which the early Christians regarded the Eucharist would maintain such a theory. But the author omits all notice of the really serious objections urged against the traditional view. In the first place, these phials are said to be found in cemeteries which are known to be not Christian at all; and if this be so, it is clear that, whether containing blood or not, they cannot be accepted as evidence of the burial-place of a Christian martyr. And, in the next place, the red substance has been subjected to chemical analysis, and is reported to be not blood, but iron rust. As regards the comparatively late date of figures and pictures of the Crucifixion, on which the author dwells, he hardly makes sufficient allowance for the *disciplina arcani*, which would certainly have withheld the Christians during the ages of persecution from risking the exposure of such solemn subjects to the gaze of scoffing unbelievers. In dealing with what may be called the theological testimony of the Catacombs, Mr. Hemans repeats what he had said in an earlier volume, about the emphatic proof of "the pre-eminence assigned to the Eucharistic sacrament [in various well-understood symbols] as the chief and perpetually recurring solemnity for which the faithful assembled, and without which it cannot be assumed that congregational worship ever took place in the usual ordering of its observances." The evidence for an early origin of invocation of saints appears to be stronger than for Purgatory and prayer for the departed—that is, of course, exclusive of liturgies, which do not come under discussion here. A great many ceremonies still preserved in the Roman ritual owe their origin to St. Gregory the Great. Such are the blessing of oils for Confirmation and other purposes, and the general Communion of the clergy, on Holy Thursday; the reservation of the Eucharist for the "Mass of the Presanctified" on Good Friday, and the Adoration of the Cross on that day; the blessing of the Font and first Mass of the Resurrection, originally celebrated at midnight, on Easter Eve. It is worth noting in relation to the original position of the Papacy that the title "Vicar of St. Peter" was first assumed by Benedict III. in 857, while "Vicar of Christ" is of still later date. In this connexion

the following passage has interest as a record of personal experience:—

One who had been led through studies, sympathies, and perhaps æsthetic tastes to quit the Anglo-Catholic for the Roman Catholic communion, and who expected to find in the "Roman Catacombs" the most affecting and irrefutable evidence to the primeval origin and inspired truthfulness of all which the latter Church teaches—received an impression from that faded picture in the dim-lit chapel, which led him to undertake further research, with ripened judgment and wider experience, till, so influenced by the records of primitive faith, he was brought to the conviction that the Papacy, however beneficent and operative among the agents of Christian civilization, is merely a human system, resting on no principle established by the Divine Master, nor springing from any root of the true Vine destined for ever "the fruit of death or life to bear."

We have already intimated that Mr. Hemans does not move so freely in the atmosphere of classical as of Christian Rome. Both interests are united in the Pantheon, which was rescued from destruction by its dedication—whether under Boniface IV. or Gregory IV. appears to be doubtful—as the church of "All Martyrs," whence arose the Christian festival of All Saints. Mme. de Staël happily expresses the double association of the noble building:—"Les Païens ont divinisé la vie, et les Chrétiens ont divinisé la mort; tel est l'esprit des deux cultes." But, notwithstanding the tomb of Raffaele and the altar erected to his memory near it, the temple does not seem somehow to lend itself kindly to Christian uses. Mr. Hemans says that the most solemn observances of the ritual year, even those of Holy Week, look cold and unattractive within its walls. The practical contrast between the two religions is nowhere perhaps more strikingly exhibited than in the fact to which he calls attention, that, in spite of the casual efforts of some of the better Emperors in this direction, no permanent institution for the relief and gratuitous maintenance of the suffering, the refuge of the infirm and aged, or the reclaiming of the fallen—nothing corresponding to our hospitals, almshouses, and asylums—existed amid the civilization of the Roman Empire. "Antique heathenism had neither the idea nor the word to express charity in anything like our acceptance of its profound meanings"; whereas "even at the worst periods of superstition and abuse the Catholic Church has never forgotten to inculcate and carry out the principle of self-devoting benevolence." On the vexed question of human sacrifices at Rome, to which he has devoted a short note in the appendix, we cannot doubt that Mr. Hemans is right, though he has so high an authority as Mommsen against him. The mass of evidence brought together by Dr. Döllinger in his *Heidenthum und Judenthum* compels us, however reluctantly, to admit not only the prevalence of this practice among the Romans in the pre-historic age, but its continuance throughout the entire period of the Republic and far into the times of the Empire. It was first prohibited in 95 B.C. by a decree of the Senate, as we learn from Pliny, who also testifies to the very partial effect of the veto, which only reduced what had been a public and habitual rite to an occasional one. Even the edict of Hadrian two centuries later failed altogether to extinguish it. But although the author happens to be in the right here, there is little to show that he has critically examined the subject, and his way of speaking of early Roman history, which he apparently accepts entire as found in Livy, including the reigns of the seven Kings, does not inspire confidence in his judgment on controverted points. This may be partly the result of a receptive rather than a critical habit of mind; partly no doubt it arises from his interest being centred in the Christian rather than the heathen antiquities of Rome. Still, after making all deductions for defects both of style and matter, the volume is valuable for purposes of reference and will quite repay perusal.

THE JACOBITE EPISODE IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.*

FOR some time past very little has been heard of the Scotch Lion, and it is pleasant to meet the effigy of that distinguished animal rampant on the cover of the *Jacobite Episode*. But his position there is too like the spirited and disappointing pictures of the wild beasts on the outside of travelling menageries, and his defiant attitude gives promise of entertainment which the inside of the book but poorly fulfils. If ever there was an occasion when the proud spirit of Caledonia might be expected to show itself, it is in a prize essay on the Jacobite movement, written for and printed by the St. Andrew's Society of Glasgow. The Society has been unable to decide between the merits of two compositions which it has published together. But it has given the place of honour to by far the livelier of the two, that in which Mr. Dixon does his best to show the seamy side of the Rebellion, and to sneer at everything dear to romantic admirers of the Highlands. Thus the essay throws a good deal of light on modern Scotch feeling, whatever it may do to clear up the history of the last century. So far from being a Celtic patriot of the order of Professor Blackie, as we had fondly expected, Mr. Dixon writes of the Highlands of the last century in much the same tone as Mr. Congreve uses when he has to speak of the benighted and retrograde England of to-day. Somewhat in his spirit Mr. Dixon disposes of the grievances of the North, disparages the loyalty of the clans, finds excuses for the

* *The Jacobite Episode in Scottish History, and its Relative Literature*. By Willmot Dixon, LL.B., and T. Logie Robertson, A.M. Glasgow: St. Andrew's Society. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

wanton cruelty of Cumberland, almost approves of the massacre of Glencoe, and throws doubts on the courage of Prince Charles Edward.

The cause of this unlooked-for treatment of the struggles of Scotland is probably to be found in the fact that some new lights in history have dawned on Mr. Dixon, and have dazzled him a good deal. He has found out that Sir William Wallace did not wear a kilt, that Lowlanders differ in race from the tribes beyond the two great firths, and this discovery prompts him to throw contempt on everything in Jacobitism that had a Highland origin. To be sure Mr. Dixon has not got the matter quite right even now, as appears from the following instructive passage:—

The Highlanders were of a totally different race from those steel-clad spearmen of the dales whom Bruce and Wallace led to victory, before whose disciplined valour and serried phalanx the despised Highland savages were scattered like chaff. The famous Scottish heroes were Lowlanders, little, if at all, different in race, manners, and speech from their English neighbours. Bruce himself was an English baron, bred if not born in England; his father was an English courtier, his grandfather an English judge, and he would have scorned any connexion with the savage kernes of the Highlands, who were never admitted to be Scots.

It is a pity that Mr. Dixon has not favoured the world with his views as to the original possessors of the proud title of Scot. One can only dimly conjecture that he refers its origin to the border clan of Scot, and regret that he has not worked out so promising a theory. In the meantime we must remain of the opinion that the "savage kernes" of the kingdom founded in south-western Argyllshire were the real Scots, and that Bruce's claim to the Scotch crown rested on the fact that, by blood, if not by culture, he was connected with that race.

Indifferent as he is to Highland grievances, Mr. Dixon shows a fine sensitiveness to the far more exquisite wrongs inflicted on his Scots, on the descendants of his "steel-clad spearmen of the dales." Indeed it is not easy to think with composure of the outrages dealt by the heartless English to the loyal Presbyterian Church. "She was wounded in her tenderest part by the Acts of Toleration and Abjuration." What, in fact, could be more lacerating to the feelings of the Kirk than an Act which tolerated Episcopacy, and thereby, as the Scotch clergy complained, "gave a large license almost to all errors and blasphemies"? When one remembers that a party in the Scotch Episcopal Church had actually cavilled at the Fourth Commandment as a Judaic survival, one understands to what a pitch blasphemy and error were being carried. The Episcopalians were going, as the Cameronians rather forcibly put it, "in the way of Egypt and Assyria, to drink the poisonous puddles of prelate and sectarianism." The descendants of the hill men, the children of the persecuted remnant, might well feel it a buffet to have their religion mentioned in the same clause of an Act with that of the drinkers of poisonous puddles. Yet the arrogance of England went to that length, and the Kirk was not the only suffering body. The Southrons, in drawing up the Act for appointing Commissioners of forfeited estates, had ventured so far in their insolent ignorance as to call young men "minors," and to speak of the Yule Vacance as the Christmas Vacation. A nation may put up with Culloden and Glencoe, where the sufferers were only naked kernes, but insults like the atrocious ones we have ventured to recall rankle longer, and are scarcely ever forgiven.

To have to defend the cause of the Highlands against a Scotch prize essayist is a curious task, which is almost forced on us by the unpatriotic sneers of Mr. Dixon. He is so carried away by his discovery that the Lowlanders are the only real and original Scots that he cannot spare a good word for the clans which fought for the quiescent Lowlands the desperate battle of Scotch nationality. He might remember that, if the arrogance of England kept alive a hatred of the Union, the Highlanders, from whatever motives, gave the "descendants of the steel-clad spearmen" an opportunity to throw off the yoke which they were always grumbling at. But he half apologizes even for the massacre of Glencoe, on the ground that such measures were only what the kernes were used to, and were a mere carrying out of the traditional policy of the Scotch monarchy. "James VI.," he says, "actually entered into a contract 'to extirpate that barbarous people.'" This is a quotation for which we should be glad to find a reference. The Lowland monarchy had certainly regarded the Highlanders in the spirit which permitted the battle between Clan Chattan and Clan Kay. It was little loss if the mountaineers exhausted their strength on each other, and James VI. wished to establish "plantations" north of the Highland line. Now plantations was a mild word for forcible subjection, but we are not aware of any authority for the use of the term extirpation before the affair of Glencoe. At all events, a reference would be more valuable here than in a later passage, where we are advised to consult Mrs. Oliphant's Historical Sketches. Mr. Dixon is quite right when he says that William III. knew what he was doing when he signed the warrant for the massacre, and that he did not understand "extirpation" in the sense of compulsory education, as Macaulay almost tries to make out. He has the courage of his opinions, and almost excuses the slaughter of the Macdonalds by the late example of the punishment inflicted on the Modoc Indians; while he observes that the rebellion of 1745, which was conducted on Charles Edward's side with singular moderation and regard for life and property, was avenged by horrors little short of those which occurred in the suppression of the Sepoy mutiny. The parallels are in bad taste, and Mr. Dixon shows little more feeling in his account of Charles Edward.

Charles Edward may not have combined all the good qualities

of Hannibal and Prince Charming, as some of his admirers have tried to persuade the world. It must be admitted that, in his reluctant retreat from Derby, his soldierly quality of cheerful endurance gave way. His admission that, "while skulking he learned to relish a strong dram," was only too true, and the habit enslaved and besotted him in his hopeless later years. Even Scott—if he was the author of a famous *Quarterly* article—admits that, "like the rest of his unhappy race, he was not warmly grateful." But from the moment when he announced to his father his desperate and unaided enterprise till he was compelled to turn his back on the South, he displayed a chivalrous spirit and a princely bearing which have prevented his attempt from seeming quite a wanton waste of blood and treasure. Now Mr. Dixon is not very clear in his mind about Charles Edward, but on the whole he prefers to sneer. Sometimes he calls the Chevalier "a gallant young hero," but later he thinks him essentially "a weak man, and a creature of impulse." He blames him for his eagerness to advance on London, and again hints blame because he did not put himself at the head of a handful of men who rallied at Ruthven, after Culloden. On the whole, he prefers as a guide the ill-natured memoirs of the Chevalier Johnstone. Johnstone, who was a soured and disappointed man, urged that the Prince was not resolute, but only ignorant of the difficulties of his attempt; that he was too careful of his own safety; and that he abandoned the enterprise at a time when he had ten times more chance of success than when he began it. As to the last point, Charles Edward's instinct told him truly that all hope was over with the first moment of retreat. Mr. Dixon quotes a letter from Gray to Horace Walpole, to show how little alarmed the English were, and how hopeless the advance on London must have been. But if he had given the whole extract, it would have been clear that Gray only spoke of "uncommon people," namely Cambridge Dons, as being easy in their minds. Smollett and Fielding testify to the panic in London on "Black Friday." What would have happened if Charles Edward had carried his point is a question in historical hypothetics; but there is no doubt at all as to what would have been the result of his joining the fifteen hundred dispirited runaways at Ruthven. The council of war at Derby decided on retreat partly because they were only anxious for Scotch independence. They must have been aware that Lockhart of Carnwath was right when he said that "the united strength of Scotland was little enough to effect the great design, for England must be in the play." That they relinquished the one chance of success, audacity, was not the fault of Charles. As to his personal courage, and the accusation that he refused to comply with Lord Elcho's advice to charge at the head of the left wing at Culloden, there is an obvious reply. The left wing, the sulky Macdonalds, were likely to allow him to charge alone. In such a position there is always some one to say *Meurs en roi!* and some one else to seize the Prince's bridle. Charles only followed almost unbroken precedent when he let himself be led from the field, and mortally offended Lord Elcho.

Romance has made the Jacobite insurrections so much her own that it is not easy to appreciate their real historical bearings. How far were the Highland chiefs who took surety from Charles Edward for the value of their estates influenced by loyalty, and how far by interested speculations? What treatment did the Episcopalians, who were continually submitting their disputes to their exiled monarch, expect on the restoration of a Catholic King? Was Presbyterianism in very active opposition, or had its recent alliance with the gentry modified the politics of the Kirk? Was there any religious motive present to the minds of the Roman Catholic Highlanders? On all these points we find a curious vagueness. People seemed to make Jacobitism an expression of their various grievances, and trusted that some solution of the religious difficulty would turn up. The King might be converted, or might have Protestant children. Lockhart hoped that the misfortunes which had befallen James and his son "might teach that race a little caution for a generation or so." These were the views of the Episcopalian gentry, but, on the whole, they relied on the chapter of accidents. There was a faint hope that the wrong-headed Cameronians might declare against the uncovenanted Hanoverian, a faint hope that the English Jacobites might rouse themselves to greater exertion than that of drinking healths. George's Dutch soldiers might be set off against the French troops, so necessary, and yet so fatal, to James's cause. About Catholic curates, Father Poignardini, Father Macdagger, and Father O'Blaze, we only read in Fielding's *True Patriot*, and no apprehensions of their making mischief were felt by the Scotch gentry. It was trusted that the tax on malt would throw the thirsty lower classes into the arms of the good cause. There were many ingredients that might work together to bring about a restoration, and the Jacobites shut their eyes to the fact that the odds against all the chances blending in the right proportions were incalculably great. They tried to believe that the various possibilities had a cumulative force, and that there was a latent feeling for national independence, which, in point of fact, only came into existence as a sentimental regret, to find expression in a gush of lyrics, good, bad, and indifferent. Mr. Dixon's fellow-essayist, Mr. Logie Robertson, has tried to piece together a history of the Jacobite episode out of these and other ballads. But he has given no very valuable canon, nor taught us how to discriminate between genuine contemporary songs and the imitations of Hogg and his friends of the Blackwood set. After all, these songs, and the sentimental loyalty which

they fostered, and which was transferred to George IV. and developed into the modern passion for running after royal personages, have been the most permanent results of Jacobitism.

THE WEDGWOOD HANDBOOK.*

IT is not a little curious to observe that the great revival of Greek art in the last century made more mark on ceramics than on architecture or painting. At the present day Grecian architecture is better understood than it was a hundred years ago. We do not any longer try to build houses without windows, or perch porticos in mid-air. We have little enthusiasm for Doric pilasters and Ionic colonnades in stucco. We talk of Zeus and Aphrodite where the classical revivalists among our forefathers talked of Jove and Venus; but indeed we seldom speak of the heathen gods and goddesses under any form, and they have disappeared from our almanacs as completely as the seven planets. Our Grecian taste is of a different kind from that which put the choragic monument of Lysicrates on the top of a church in Regent Street. There is not much in common between the frieze of the Parthenon and that of the Albert Hall. Parliamentary orators never quote Greek, though there are members now who understand Homer as he never was understood before in England. True Greek art was never better liked, though lath and plaster no longer appear on our public buildings. The great Nash is as much forgotten as the man who invented the floodgate iron. But the art which survives, and which still reflects whatever was purest in the taste of the last century, is that which has immortalized the name of Wedgwood. When the blue and white tablets were new, our lovely grandmothers endeavoured to assimilate their costume to the ideal covering of the ancient Greeks, and only the climate which forbade them to live without a roof over their heads put a stop to the gradual approach of theoretical nudity. The crested helmets of the dragoons have disappeared with the short skirts of the ladies. The cement pillars and sham pediments have given place to buttresses and turrets. We no longer hear of the chastity of a façade, and note with pleasure that the virtue itself which for a time seemed to have taken refuge with the architects has returned to society. It speaks well, then, for the art of Wedgwood that his works were never more highly appreciated than they are at present, and that, while we have discarded what was false, ignorant, and pretentious in the so-called Grecian taste of our ancestors, we still admire the true and perfect productions of the pottery at Etruria. Like many other great men Wedgwood showed his greatness by his power of discerning talent in others. His perseverance in chemical research and his inbred knowledge of the ceramic art were ably assisted by the social qualities of Bentley and by the classical genius of Flaxman. Without them he could not have accumulated half a million of money nor have left so great a name among potters.

Wedgwood was born in 1730, at Burslem, in Staffordshire, where every second family was, like his own, engaged more or less deeply in pottery. Miss Meteyard, in her *Life of Wedgwood*, mentions the names of several, such as the Tilewrights, the Mayers, and the Burslems, who were at once ancient in the land and also busy workers in the manufacture of the district. The Wedgwoods appear to have been of consideration as early as the fourteenth century, and the talents of Josiah, the youngest of a large family, were no doubt inherited from generations of potters. He began business probably in 1756 or 1757, and the best period of his art is fixed in the present volume at from 1779 to 1787. His death occurred in 1795, so that he was at work for nearly forty years, and took at least twenty to reach his period of prosperity. After his death the fame of Wedgwood was declined, and from about 1810 to 1862 it was comparatively little valued. In that year, however, what Miss Meteyard happily terms the "Staffordshire Renaissance" set in, and the prophecy which Josiah Wedgwood made in 1777, that age and scarcity only were needed to make some of his works "worth any price you would ask for them," has been completely fulfilled in the last few years. Even defective pieces, originally sold as "waste," are now often in the market. The fluctuations they underwent are remarkable. An Etruscan inkstand was bought for 4*d.* at a stall in Salford, and was sold in 1869 for 5*l.* Copies of the Portland vase, which five-and-twenty years ago fetched from 40*l.* to 50*l.*, now run up to 170*l.* or 180*l.* This increase in value is the more remarkable because the manufacture has been revived of late, and the older pieces are very successfully imitated and emulated by the present representatives of the firm.

Wedgwood worked chiefly in ten different sorts of material. They may be enumerated as cream ware, basaltes, six varieties of crystalline and variegated ware, white, terra cotta, jasper, bronze, red, pearl, and "mortar material," or canne colour. Of these by far the best known and most popular is the blue "jasper," with white figures in relief. Immense pains were taken in the production of the blue ground, and Wedgwood's own manufacture in this respect greatly exceeds in beauty any made since his time. The name "jasper" was first heard of just a hundred years ago, and the ware reached its highest pitch of perfection in 1779. Years of anxious labour, diversified by many disappointments, preceded this success. The chief ingredient was at first a carbonate of baryta, and later a sulphate, which was procured from lead mines. The white body in which the figures were made cost Wedgwood an equally long period of experimental labour and research before he

could produce the beautiful cameos and the plaques or tablets, some of which now command such high prices. We first hear of cameos by name in 1772, but within a couple of years the number of them was nearly three hundred, and before 1777 four hundred and forty were included in his catalogues. He sent in all directions for models and casts from the antique, had workmen at Stowe and at Blenheim, and ransacked famous cabinets like that of Baron Stosch. It was the same with the tablets and bas-reliefs. No expense or trouble was spared. The best workmen and the first artists were employed. As much thought was spent on the framing as on the ceramic portion of the work. London and Uttoxeter were the places where the gold settings were made; Birmingham and Wolverhampton supplied those in steel. Wedgwood considered lightness in a setting the great object, and himself superintended the different designs manufactured, giving the most exact directions to the makers. His taste was unerring, yet he always endeavoured after improvement, and was never so well content that he did not think a still higher point might still be attained. He seems to have been determined, in whatever he undertook, if he should not be able to command success, at least to have deserved it. He writes to Bentley in 1775 that he thinks it impossible to make frames of pottery which will not "degrade" the gem or picture, and gives a decided opinion in favour of metal-work for the purpose; but he adds a characteristic note:—"I only mention this as my present opinion, despairing of being able to make a picture-frame to please either ourselves or our customers." He was equally nice as to the polish of the edges, and the undercutting and finishing. This was particularly the case with the tablets and bas-reliefs. As Miss Meteyard more than once says, the finish is one of the surest signs of the best period of production, and should be carefully looked for by the collector.

It was from 1774 to 1787 that Flaxman worked for the firm. The catalogue issued in 1777 contains the names of fifty-eight tablets of his design, and many more occur at later dates. For some of these Wedgwood charged as much as 20*l.*, but they now fetch even higher prices. Flaxman seems to have designed all kinds of objects—cameos, services, tablets, and vases. The last named were especially favoured by Wedgwood himself, who had very early made tazzas after the antique, chiefly in the black "basaltes," which Miss Meteyard professes to admire even more than the "jasper." On this point she says, "His bas-relief vases in basaltes rank among his highest productions, and though it may be heresy with some to say so, we prefer them as a whole to the jasper vases." This opinion betrays a certain inclination, too common among collectors, but seldom apparent in Miss Meteyard, to value objects more for technical qualities, invisible to the general multitude, than for absolute beauty. She continues:—"Their body is so exquisite to the touch, their polish so fine, their decorations and forms so graceful and chaste, as to render them—now that they are yearly becoming rarer—of the utmost value. Whether they adorn the library, the gallery, the hall, the drawing-room, or conservatory, their sober grace lends a charm and contrast to surrounding colours and objects." But it was not entirely in this material that the most remarkable vase of all that Wedgwood produced was modelled. The reproduction of the Portland vase was the highest effort of his art, and we must pass by the beautiful vases in jasper, rosso-antico, and other materials to follow Miss Meteyard's account of its production. Sir William Hamilton, to whose suggestions Wedgwood was constantly indebted, brought the famous original to this country in 1784, and sold it to the dowager Duchess of Portland. It had previously been known as the Barberini vase, having been found during the pontificate of Urban VIII. (Barberini) in the neighbourhood of Rome. While it was still in the Barberini Palace Wedgwood had endeavoured to copy it by means of engravings. His success was indifferent, although from the poverty of the engravings he flattered himself he should even be able to excel the original. When the Duchess of Portland died, he opened negotiations with the Duke for its purchase, and eventually arranged that the Duke should buy it himself, but should lend it to Wedgwood to be copied. This was in 1787, but the vase was not actually in his hands until the close of 1790, although Webber, Hackwood, and other artists in Wedgwood's employ were busy copying and making trial of material. The first perfect copy was finished some time in 1789, and several more had been made by April 1791, when one was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries, and gained the warm approval of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Tickets to view it at Greek Street, where Wedgwood's warehouse at that time existed, were eagerly accepted by all the rank and fashion of London. The vase then departed in the care of young Josiah Wedgwood on a foreign tour, commencing with the Hague, where Lady Auckland, the wife of our Ambassador, gave a breakfast in its honour, and exhibited it to the Stadtholder and his family. The object of this journey was to obtain subscribers; but as Wedgwood was unable either to fix the price or to guarantee another example equally perfect, the number of names sent in was very small. It is probable that not more than twenty were made in Wedgwood's lifetime, and the merit of these was by no means equal. But some of those produced after his death were very good, and the original was lent to the firm again in 1800. Its subsequent history is well known. In 1810 it was deposited in the British Museum, and there, in 1845, it was smashed to atoms with a stick by a wretched man whom it is an excess of charity to believe a lunatic. It has been marvellously well repaired, however, and the intended destruction has been productive of one good result—namely, that the beautiful work on the bottom of the vase is now visible, not having been

* *Handbook of Wedgwood Ware.* By Eliza Meteyard. London: George Bell & Sons. 1875.

replaced by the mender. Miss Meteyard gives a list of twenty early copies, of which two are in London museums, one is at Dresden, one at Rome, one at Liverpool, and the rest in private collections.

The book, which is intended for the use of collectors, would have been much the better for an index, or even for a table of contents. Notwithstanding these serious wants, it will be found of great service, while the lists of prices at sales, together with the reprints of Wedgwood's own catalogues, make it very complete. The gradual increase in the value of good specimens, and the necessity which every collector of English pottery will feel to obtain certain prices, render the Handbook indispensable, and at the same time render the difficulty of finding one's way in it more painfully apparent.

ISEULTE.*

WE are a good deal disappointed in this book. The author in her story of the *Hôtel du Petit St. Jean* had done so well for a beginner that we opened *Iseulte* in the expectation of finding some pleasant reading. It has happened once more, as it has happened often before, that we have closed the volume with a feeling of regret, that a writer does not now and then try to gain that kind of renown which was so easily earned by a member of Parliament in the last century. There were many great speakers, but few are remembered more than Single-speech Hamilton. Why should we not have a Single-novel Smith or Jones? Unfortunately it happens that by a first book the writer often earns nothing but a reputation. Douglas Jerrold said of some young author that he had taken down the shutters before he had furnished the shop. It is not unfrequently the case that, though the shop is found to be bravely furnished when it is opened, yet the first day's sale clears out the whole of a stock which can never be replenished. When customers still press in, and, offering a far higher price, are sure that, if only the dealer will take the trouble, he can produce as good an article as before, unless he is gifted with a degree of modesty and honesty which can scarcely be looked for, he is sure to yield and to begin to manufacture goods that are mere imitations. The range of life that comes before most writers, especially before most female writers, is but limited. When once they have painted the one little world they know so well, if they go on writing they are but copiers of themselves. They may indeed, as they too often do, desert altogether the path of nature, and calling on their imagination to make efforts which are far above it, produce the most absurd monstrosities. Others, like the author of *Iseulte*, when everyday scenes are exhausted, bring in history as the background of their tale, and in the pages of a novel set themselves up as infallible judges of politics and warfare. They decide in a few lines questions which the impartial historian would not venture to settle in as many chapters, and by the short and straight road of their feelings arrive at conclusions which, if reached at all, should only be arrived at through the long and winding path which the judgment alone has patience to follow. It is true that not the whole of *Iseulte* is given either to politics or war. The story nevertheless leads up both to one and the other, while the closing chapters are worthy of the pen of a Special Correspondent.

The story opens with a conversation between a Mme. La Barre and her son Vincent, in which are unfolded the incidents which it is necessary that the reader should know in order to understand the plot. The novelist cannot claim the indulgence which is so justly given to a dramatist when, in the opening scene of a play, he makes one faithful old retainer of a family relate to another equally faithful and equally old retainer of another family what both had known equally well for ever so many years. Unless indeed the dramatist makes use of a Chorus of the kind that Shakespeare brought on in *Henry V.*, he is almost driven into making his characters begin by telling the stalest of news. But a novelist who tells her story in the third person is under no such restraint. Before she brings a single personage on the stage she can have given the fullest history of her hero and heroine, beginning with the birth of all their grandparents on both sides. How needlessly unnatural, then, is the conversation in which Mme. La Barre and her son thus tell the reader of the first marriage of their cousin Iseulte:—

"No, it was a scandalous thing from the first the Thurets marrying her to a middle-aged adventurer like that. I wish I had been in France that spring; young as I then was, I would have tried to put a spoke in his wheel. But I never knew it till it was an accomplished thing. I heard two men at a *table-d'hôte* at Geneva discussing Cermenin's marriage, and they nicknamed the lady 'the bride of the Napoleon Docks.' To my horror it was Iseulte de Bourgoigne."

"Alas! poor M. de Bourgoigne! He was taken away from two daughters who could very ill spare him, and M. Thuret scandalously misused the trust reposed in him."

We had thought that Vincent himself was to be the hero of the story, so much is made of him in the beginning. He had been in love with Clarisse, Iseulte's younger sister. But she, by a trick in which a priest and the superior of a convent had played the chief part, had been led to take the veil herself. When a young lady in a Catholic country has once taken the veil, no doubt she remains constant to her vows. As a matter of truthfulness, we cannot say to nature, but to that perversion of nature which is

found in the monastic life, the author no doubt has done rightly in keeping Clarisse unmarried. We could have wished, however, that the woman in her had spoken out, and that she had protested, not only against the trick which shut up a young girl in the cells of a convent for the rest of her life, but also against the false sense of duty which led her to respect an unnatural vow which had been got from her by fraud. The religious sense, not only of the characters of the story, but we must add of the author herself, acute though it is, is somewhat morbid. Iseulte, as the extract we have quoted has shown, had married one of the worthless adventurers of the Empire. He had robbed her of her fortune, and had then deserted her for twelve years or so. Some fortunate speculations raise him up from the depths into which he had fallen, and just before the outbreak of the war with Germany he is appointed Prefect of a town in the East of France. He needs a wife to do the honours of the Prefecture, and sends to invite Iseulte to return. She loathes the man, and with good reason, and, as any woman who had a proper feeling of self-respect would do, sends no answer to his letter. Unfortunately she goes out for a walk, and comes to "one of the Calvaries of the peasants":—

Iseulte started.

Tall and black against the golden mist of the sun's setting light, there reared itself the silent yet eloquent Cross. There from its bar hung an image of the world's pure Victim, crucified between two thieves. The injured, mortified, anxious, self-righteous woman confronted with it had just asked an angry question, and had accidentally now got an answer. In His name who had had no home; in His name who had had no human joys and had yet been a stranger to no human pang; in His name who had lived with publicans and sinners and died with malefactors; in His name who forgave his enemies and rose again to intercede for men; in His name she must return.

It would take all the crosses that are set up from one end of France to the other to persuade a sensible Englishwoman that that Christian religion which is so dear to her requires her to go back and live with a scoundrel who has plundered her, and left her, for all he knew, to a twelve-years' beggary, whenever it may suit his own selfish aims, on a fresh flood of fortune, to call her back to his side. We altogether disbelieve that a woman like Iseulte could for a moment have been so miserably misled. Even if we are mistaken in this estimate of her character, we must at least protest against the author's surrounding so unnatural an action with the halo of a false religious sentiment. She herself feels how unnatural it is, and frees Iseulte from much of the degradation by a very convenient fire, in which her husband the Prefect receives a most serious wound the day before she joins him. Before he is fully cured the Prussians invade France, and he ends his worthless life. The story would have been a great deal better, and a great deal truer to what human nature should be, if he had never come back upon the scene. If the modern heroine must always make great sacrifices before she can arrive at the haven of a peaceful married life, let the sacrifices at all events be reasonable and natural. Iseulte of course gets rewarded in the usual way for the devotion she has shown. When her husband is dead she sets off, through the wintry weather, for her sister's convent. She gets beaten by the snow and by the presence of the hostile armies, till at last she altogether breaks down in a small village near Belfort. There she goes through some surprising adventures, and is at last seized as a German spy, and dragged before a French colonel in the full expectation that she will be shot. Happily the Colonel turns out to be the Marquis de Lussarques, who, when last heard of, had started in his cousin's ship for South America that he might try to forget Iseulte, with whom he was in love, but who could not marry him while her husband was living. She, who had expected the next moment to be shot, suddenly finds a lover, and a lover who, now that the worthless Prefect had been swept away, could when once the war was over become a husband. As there were no means, at all events no means that the author could take, of getting Clarisse out of her convent, the unfortunate Vincent, her old lover, was killed at Sedan. It would, however, have been easy enough, as the convent was in the east of France, to have placed it in Alsace. It might then have been forcibly closed by Bismarck, and the nuns, with a little stretch of imagination, might have been all converted by some devout Germans to Protestantism. Vincent might first have been found on the field of battle by Clarisse, with so little life left in him that every one but a woman would have left him to the gravediggers, and recovering, as if by a miracle, could have got a wife as soon as the devout Germans and common sense had gained the day.

Though we like neither the story nor the tone of the book, yet we can easily believe that it will have a good many readers. Sentiment, above all religious sentiment, meets with a ready sale at the present day, and among the readers of the circulating libraries few ask whether the sentiment is true or false. Still fewer perhaps will notice the faults in style and the occasional blunders in language into which the author falls. Perhaps her reading has been too much in French authors for her to write English as an Englishwoman should write it. Then, too, she has in her study of English evidently gone to that worst of all schools, the modern novelists. She has clearly read Miss Braddon, for from whom else could she have learnt to call a fortress or a castle a *fortalice*? We read, in a passage not unworthy of her who has apparently been her model, "The stones of donjon and abbey, of church and *fortalice*, all alike blossoming into beauty, displayed at once the lily and the rose." In the same page we read of "the deep lych-gate of the farm," and of "a wealth of Bignonia flowers." Against the wealth of flowers we have more than once lifted up our voice, and lifted it

* *Iseulte*. By the Author of "Véra," "Hôtel du Petit St. Jean," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

up in vain, but why should the farm of a château have a lych-gate? The castle itself had become, we are told, "as it were, a palimpsest of the needs, cares, and neglects of many generations." Some mineral springs are "inaugurated," not thrown open, and at the dinner that was given in honour of the inauguration "the Vicar-General perorated gently to Isoulte." Sketching materials are "artistic paraphernalia," while the modern Frenchwoman is "a sublimatized doll." When in a certain town the election for mayor came on we are told that "the claims of the last and of the penultimate ones divided it." Corners, it would seem from one passage, can be dormant; while in another passage a tie between two lovers, though sundered just now, yet was fuel for the fire of their lives. The author is, indeed, far too fond of metaphors, and stumbles as only lovers of the metaphorical style of writing can stumble. She makes one of her heroes ask, "What about having crossed the watershed of life, and seeing that its waters now run all down-hill?" In what range of hills, we should like to know, do waters ever run uphill?

It is a pity that a writer who has written one good novel, and perhaps might write half-a-dozen more, should thus fall away from so promising a beginning. The only chance for her, if she wishes to write a good English story, is to give up her French reading for a while, and to read no more modern novelist than Miss Austen. She might thus perchance forget the use of those big words which are so dear to her.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

ONE of the most interesting periods of English history—that extending from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover*—is the subject of an able narrative by Onno Klopp. Herr Klopp belongs to the school of diplomatic historians of whom Ranke affords the most distinguished type; those who, comparatively unconcerned about the social life of a nation, restrict themselves in the main to political and military narrative, but instead of describing transactions as they appear to the ordinary observer, endeavour to penetrate their hidden springs by the aid of the private correspondence and secret instructions of the principal actors. The recent facilities of access to the archives of the principal European States, and the assiduous labours of the editors, calendarers, and decipherers of public documents, have greatly encouraged the development of this school of history. Herr Klopp tells us that his original motive to undertake his task was his acquaintance with certain unpublished papers of Leibnitz's in the Hanoverian archives, attesting the part taken by the philosopher in inducing the Electoral family to accept the succession to the British Crown. He at first designed to confine his work to the period of Leibnitz's political influence, but found that to make his subject duly intelligible he must travel further back, and thus he was gradually led to the treatment of the entire space comprised in his present work. Without marked intellectual distinction, Herr Klopp is nevertheless an intelligent, lucid, and agreeable historian, and his work forms an acceptable supplement to current English histories. Our historians, naturally engrossed with the paramount importance of Charles II.'s reign as the era when most of our chief constitutional problems actually or virtually received their solution, have hardly perhaps regarded it sufficiently in its influence on foreign policy. In fact, however, Charles's disgraceful subservency to France was the key of the situation, and the theorem that there can be no stable equilibrium and no effectual concert among foreign Powers without the aid of England was, by the very negligence of the Sovereign, for the first time fully established. Herr Klopp is as lenient to Charles as is compatible with natural indignation at the misuse of remarkable abilities and extraordinary opportunities. He has made great use of the Vienna archives, especially of the despatches of the Imperial Ambassadors in England. The two volumes now published bring the narrative down to the death of Charles II.

It is to be regretted that the editor of General Dembinski's posthumous memoirs† should not have thought fit to acquaint us with the evidence of their authenticity. We are at some loss to account for the appearance at Vienna in a German dress of a work which one would have expected to be composed either in French or Polish, though the editor seems to say it was in German, without any hint as to the history of the MS. Fabrications in all departments of literature are sufficiently rife to render the authentication of whatsoever does not speak expressly for itself a point of wisdom, not to say of duty. Internal evidence, however, speaks strongly in favour of the genuineness of the autobiography. It forcibly expresses the character of Dembinski, an officer who to the enterprising spirit and perpetual ill-luck characteristic of all his military countrymen united some qualities peculiarly his own—obstinacy, opinionativeness, haughtiness, chivalrous honour, perfect disinterestedness, and, in spite of approved military capacity, an angularity which made co-operation with him the reverse of easy. He could seldom pull cordially with any colleague for any length of time, and, whatever censure may be passed on the cabals of the Hungarian officers which deprived him of his command, it is im-

possible to avoid seeing that he unconsciously played into their hands. His utter inability to assert his authority or make his orders respected also appears with sufficient clearness. The greater part of the first volume is naturally devoted to the winter campaign on the Theiss, the central incident of which was the unsuccessful, but not inglorious, battle of Kapolna. Dembinski was unquestionably treated very ill throughout by his lieutenants, and badly supported by the Government; it can only be said that the fault largely consisted in his own incapacity to inspire confidence or command respect. Bem would have fared very differently. He has the generosity to admit the splendour of the subsequent campaign of Görgey, from whose intrigues and insubordination he had been so great a sufferer. At a later period we find him commanding the corps of observation on the Gallician frontier, where, having nothing to do, he did it; subsequently, as chief of the staff, directing the ruinous but inevitable retreat to the South, until the command was taken from him by the impetuous Bem, whose headlong valour destroyed in three hours the army which the cautious Dembinski would have kept alive for at least three weeks. The ultimate result must have been the same under either system. No characteristic of Dembinski's military career is more remarkable than the contrast between his strategy on paper, which invariably contemplated the most audacious offensive movements with the slenderest force, and the destiny which rendered his actual campaigns a succession of retreats. On the whole, these memoirs are but an uncomfortable record of the mortifications of a brave, high-minded, humane, and in many respects highly-accomplished soldier, in a trying post for which he lacked the necessary qualifications. The editor, though partial to Dembinski, yet, as a patriotic Magyar, cannot altogether digest his author's strictures on Hungarian generals and soldiers, and has garnished his notes with contradictions and refutations from Görgey's memoirs and other sources. Of Görgey Dembinski speaks with contempt and dislike, while acknowledging his extraordinary military capacity. He is hardly more favourable to Kossuth, accusing him of craft, duplicity, and moral weakness. A letter from Bem, whom Dembinski never saw in Hungary until their meeting on the last battle-field of the war, is a most characteristic example of the energy and temerity of this extraordinary man.

The ninth volume of the Transactions of the Geographical Society of Berlin* contains some very interesting memoirs and reports of travel. Among the principal is a history by Dr. Nachtigal, the lion of scientific German society at the present moment, of the great kingdom of Baghirmi, in Central Africa. This State owes its pre-eminence to the superiority of its Mohammedan rulers, originally of Arab extraction, and its annals are very like those of the Assyrian Empire in miniature. Herr A. Buchholz contributes several letters from Accra, Bonny, and other points of the West African coast; but he complains bitterly of the difficulty of forming collections of natural history, and of the utter impracticability of the natives. Herr Bismarck describes the late Emperor of China's marriage; Julius Schubring contributes notes on Sicilian topography; and E. Schöningh an analysis of Macfarlane's important work on the coal-fields of the United States, which are said to occupy 192,000 square miles. Smith and Grove's Atlas of Ancient Geography is severely reviewed by a rival cartographer, the eminent Kiepert, who also contributes papers on the original course of the Oxus, and on the demarcating line of the French and German languages in Alsace-Lorraine. Perhaps the most important contribution of all is Meinicke's minute and circumstantial account of the New Hebrides. There is the usual abundance of minor papers and reviews of geographical works, with an ample bibliography of the geographical literature of the year.

Dr. Julius Grill's contribution to the science of comparative mythology‡ will probably be rejected as a paradox; but, if so, it is at any rate no mere fantastic crochets, but the aberration of a scholar of unquestionable ability and learning. There is even much to recommend it to Indo-European philologists, who will sympathize with an effort to extend their domain over the languages and mythology of extraneous races. Dr. Grill is a Semitic investigator who has approached his subject from the Sanscrit side, and the main object of his treatise is to establish the substantial identity of Semitic and Indo-European religious conceptions. He utterly disbelieves the theories which represent the Jehovah of the Scriptures as a purified form of Moloch or Baal, and seeks to prove, not only that Semitic and Aryan deities and legends have arisen in the same manner, but that they are substantially identical, and that their identity is capable of proof on the principles of comparative philology. Like most Aryan specialists, he is a strong advocate of the solar-myth theory, which, as in duty bound, he applies resolutely to the Semitic cycle of traditions. The body of the work is preceded by some special researches, with the view of establishing the validity of the theory by examples of its successful application in particular instances. Thus Aaron is paralleled with Atharvan; the explanation of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, already accepted by the solar mythologists, is made applicable to that of Jephthah's daughter; the Hebrew name of the Dead Sea is traced to a Sanscrit root, and, the hypothesis of an Aryan settlement in that region being rejected, the

* *Der Fall des Hauses Stuart und die Succession des Hauses Hannover in Gross-Britannien und Irland.* Von Onno Klopp. Bde. 1, 2. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Dembinski in Ungarn. Nach den hinterlassenen Papieren des Generals.* Von A. F. Danzon. Wien: Verlag des "Kamerads." London: Asher & Co.

* *Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin.* Bd. 9. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Erzähler der Menschheit. Ein Beitrag zur Grundlegung einer Hebräischen Alterthumswissenschaft.* Von Dr. Julius Grill. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

original identity of the Indo-European and Semitic families of speech is asserted in its place. The ground being thus cleared, the Hebrew cosmogony is systematically interpreted on the principles of the solar mythologists; thus, for example, the beams of the sun being shown to be compared by the Veda poets to the hair of a fleece, and the fig-leaves assumed by Adam and Eve being identified with the obscuration of the sun in bad weather, Adam and Eve's coats of skin obviously denote the clearing up of the atmosphere after a shower. The influential school to which we have referred will hardly relish this; but it will be for its advocates to show that Dr. Grill's discoveries are not a legitimate deduction from their own. It is to be observed that he takes no notice of the problematical but widely accepted theory of the Assyriologists, according to which the Semites derived their mythology and the rest of their higher civilization from an "Accadian" people of Turanian stock. In this case Dr. Grill's learning and ingenuity will all be thrown away, and to make his point good he will have to learn Accadian, and demonstrate the Sanscrit affinities of that idiom if he can. The second volume will pursue the application of his system to the remainder of the Old Testament history.

If H. Reuter's history of religious free thought in the mediæval period * cannot be ranked among the most readable of books, the fault is neither in the subject nor in any want of learning or capacity on the part of the author. Herr Reuter, indeed, carries virtue to an excess; his just dissatisfaction with the voluminousness of most German historians of intellectual movements or revolutions, and his disdain for the display of useless ingenuity or irrelevant erudition, have led him too far towards the other extreme. His work is too destitute of literary grace and polish, being angular, jerky, and incohesive. This is no doubt in great measure the fault of the subject, which, from the extreme poverty of the material, is particularly baffling to a writer who will not condescend to help himself out of a strait by plausible generalities. It may be questioned whether Herr Reuter has not in some instances made too much of his authorities, and relied too strongly upon general allegations of the growth of heresy, without due allowance for the nervousness of orthodox theologians and the energy of ecclesiastical rhetoric. There is nevertheless sufficient evidence of a steady undercurrent of freethinking manifesting itself occasionally in the person of some thinker of unusual courage or penetration, some Erigena, or Berengarius, or Abelard, who only just comes short of being an heresiarch. This rationalism, as Herr Reuter points out, was favoured by the contemporaneous growth of magic and other abject superstitions, in opposing which the more enlightened ecclesiastics were compelled to resort to weapons of reason and argument capable of being directed against themselves. An evident progress is visible between the time of Hildebrand, who peremptorily decides all controversies by the authority of Rome, and that of Aquinas, who consents to meet his philosophical adversaries upon their own ground, even though only under protest. Some of the contemporary testimonies to the prevalence of heretical opinions are certainly very striking, but the Church always carries the day in the long run; nor is it easy to see how anything but the invention of printing could have turned the scale. Herr Reuter apparently regards the obscure heresies between the periods of Charlemagne and Barbarossa as the germs of Ghibellinism, a connexion which will be more fully investigated in his second volume.

"The Doubter's Religion" † is rather an ethical than a theological essay. It is mainly grounded on the teaching of Kant, though that philosopher's name seldom occurs, and is principally directed to establish the existence of a basis of moral certainty and a practical rule of life entirely outside the sphere of the questions raised by the materialistic bent of natural science. The writer is in reality much less of a doubter than he professes himself; his creed is in essentials that of the rationalistic deism of last century, and, like the representatives of that school, he is sober, sensible, and rather unimaginative. His wisdom is in general of a homely description, and sometimes degenerates into mere truism; but his manner is always earnest, and his constant illustration of his theme from his personal experience and individual reflection imparts a warmth to his argument not often found in treatises on morals.

We are not aware whether the law of Germany allows the bearer of an inappropriate surname to change it at his pleasure. If so, we should recommend Dr. Zweifel ‡ to avail himself of this privilege without delay. No vestige of the scepticism apparently indicated by his cognomen is discoverable about him; on the contrary, it would be hard to find a writer more convinced of the soundness of his principles, and more disdainful of such trivial perplexities as free-will and the origin of evil. His confidence is so far well founded that his views are in no respect paradoxical; being such as may be any day propounded in Munich or any other University without exciting the least sensation or surprise. His theism, and the morality deduced from it, are precisely those of the Old Testament, and the only wonder is how they come to be described as things specifically German.

With less affectation of originality, there is far more practical utility in A. Bulmerincq's treatise on the "Practice, Theory, and

Codification of International Law."* On the first two heads the work is mainly an historical survey of the growth of public law in its various departments, including a summary of what has already been written on the subject. It seems very well adapted to serve as a guide for students. The most original part is the last, containing considerations on the possibility of a strict codification and solemn public recognition of the somewhat ill-defined rules of public law, and of the establishment of an international tribunal of arbitration. The times seem hardly favourable to the latter proposition in Germany; yet it may conceivably find favour with great States which have little to gain by war, as well as with little ones which have everything to lose.

Dr. Furtwängler, in an attractive little essay on the conception of Eros as formed by the painters of ancient vases, shows that this almost invariably corresponds to the descriptions of the poets of the pre-Alexandrian epoch, especially of Euripides, and differs materially from that of the Alexandrian poets, which, through its adoption into Roman literature, has become principally familiar to the moderns. The conclusion he deduces is that painted vases, even when of a late period, are in general prior to the commencement of the Alexandrian literary epoch.

The Chancellor of the University of Tübingen † is manifestly a person of good sense, and perhaps may have grounds for considering that his official position imparted such adventitious weight to his occasional utterances, chiefly on public occasions, as to warrant their preservation in an enduring form. They might otherwise, we should think, have remained as exercises in the field of oratory, adequate for their immediate purpose but scarcely requiring to be perpetuated. These discourses consist of sundry set speeches on questions of politics, psychology, and moral philosophy, not distinguished by any marked originality, but always clear and animated. The most important of the succeeding essays are devoted to the theory of statistics, and an inquiry into the demonstrableness of the axioms of Malthus. The varieties at the end of the volume include some pertinent observations on the controversies excited by Strauss's last work, from sundry points of view. On the whole, the book leaves the impression of greater intellectual power than its slight and fugitive character has on this occasion permitted the author to display.

The collected essays of Karl Hillebrand § cover a wide field, but although they were all acceptable in their original places of publication, it can hardly be said that there was any urgent necessity for reprinting them. The fullest are two very sound ones on Gervinus and Rabel, and another on Prince Pickler-Muskau, far too complimentary to that unprincipled coxcomb. Herr Hillebrand's speciality is his thorough acquaintance with Italian history and literature, and it is to be regretted that the papers devoted to these subjects rank among the slightest in his volume. The most interesting is an account of a new light of Italian poetical literature, the satirist Carducci, of whom we should have been glad to see more copious specimens. Herr Hillebrand aspires to write German with classical purity, and his volume contains some significant strictures on the decadence both of his own and of the French language.

Albert Moeser's Idylls || may deserve commendation in respect of form, but their tediousness may be inferred from the statement that they consist solely of a series of dialogues between a youth and his bride, in elegiac couplets. Goethe's "New Pausias" is a proof that this form of composition may succeed when made the vehicle of an interesting narrative, but interest is what Herr Moeser has omitted to provide.

"In the New Empire," ¶ as the name implies, is a periodical devoted to the support of the policy of Prince Bismarck, which is characterized as "pacific, candid, and calculated to inspire confidence." It may be feared that the ablest literary men of Germany think differently; at all events they have not signalized their confidence in Prince Bismarck by enlisting under the banner of his organ. The contents are, in fact, so far very poor, with the exception of Dr. Friedberg's review of the causes of the great ecclesiastical rupture. The most important contributions to the May number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* ** are novelettes by Auerbach and Paul Lindau, and the conclusion of G. Brandes's papers on Ferdinand Lassalle, which comprises a notice of his powerful and little-known drama, *Franz von Sickingen*.

* *Praxis, Theorie und Codification des Völkerrechts*. Von A. Bulmerincq. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Eros in der Vasenmalerei*. Von Dr. Adolf Furtwängler. Munich: Ackermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Reden und Aufsätze*. Von Gustav Rümelin. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Zeiten, Völker und Menschen*. Von K. Hillebrand. Bd. 2. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Trübner.

|| *Idyllen*. Von Albert Moeser. Halle: Barthel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Im Neuen Reich*. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

** *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Hft. 8. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

* *Geschichte der religiösen Aufklärung im Mittelalter*. Von Hermann Reuter. Bd. 1. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Religion des Zweiflers*. Leipzig: Haessel. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Die sittliche Weltordnung nach germanischer Auffassung, und ihre Gesetze*. Von H. Zweifel. München: Kaiser. London: Williams & Norgate.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.